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TELL AMERICA

The war situation by land, sea and air is serious enough to demand the utmost candour in all our pronouncements addressed to the U.S.A. The direct and immediate aid of that country is essential if the Nazis are not to conquer. Most Americans know this, but how many who say "all aid short of war" hope that this only means aid that is not inconvenient? How many jump on bad news from Europe to justify the view that it is too late for any special effort to make any difference, and then jump on good news to argue that more strenuous efforts are unnecessary? In a word, they want to help, but need a clear and balanced view of the situation. We doubt if this end was served by Dr. Dalton's broadcast to North America. He sensibly provided specific suggestions about the help needed, but was almost as unconvincing as Mr. Greenwood in suggesting that we already had the enemy on the run. He seemed to imply, only to contradict himself later, that it was only a matter of months. Incidentally, we agree with Mr. Shinwell that if Ministers are out to cheer us up, they should agree on their chronology. The month which saw the fearful bombing of Coventry, Birmingham, Bristol and Southampton, and which had to record such ominous figures for shipping losses was not the time to attempt to persuade Americans that the enemy is sorely embarrassed by a shortage of oil and other key commodities. If the Germans have more than used up the stocks of oil, rubber and copper which they looted from the overrun countries, they have used them to advantage, and there is no sense in disguising the fact, though it is true that they have done less damage to production than might have been expected.

Nor is our publicity in the United States improved by the comic methods of censorship described in this issue by one of the leading American correspondents in this country. Why give our best friends the impression that we are idiots? In this matter the censors themselves are not to blame; nor, for once, is there ground here for criticising the Ministry of Information. It should be remembered too that American correspondents tend to take a "box office" view of the news and, as this particular correspondent admits, there may have been grounds for censorship in some of these cases. In the case of some small towns or villages the Germans may not know where their aeroplanes have bombed; they do not need the British or American press to tell them when they have reached Coventry or Birmingham, nor is it sensible to stop the name while allowing a description that every American editor can interpret. The fact remains that there is still no coherent plan of publicity and propaganda for America, for the Continent or for the home public, and that in the absence of overriding political directions the Ministry of Information is in no position to stop Service departments from making us a laughing-stock.

Finally, if we are to persuade the American people to take us seriously, our will to see it through to some decent and hopeful conclusion must be reflected in the whole sphere of policy and action, social and economic as well as military. Exactly what Mr. Kennedy has been telling his compatriots it is difficult to discover, but if he or any other American critics have based any pessimistic conclusions upon their observation of a lack of vigour, courage and intelligence in Ministerial policy and departmental action, if they are dubious whether the measures necessary for the full employment of the national effort will be initiated and enforced, it is hard to deny that they have some reason for their pessimism. Our leading article this week does no more than summarise some of the confusions and shortcomings which are now admitted by very orthodox newspapers and draws the conclusion that nothing but a full-blooded and Socialistic change will meet the situation. We have reason to be pleased about the situation in the Eastern Mediterranean. We may agree that the

arrangement with Spain, which looks so unpleasantly like past gentleman's agreements, may have its justification provided—an important proviso—that on this occasion we have in fact won something as well as conceded something by helping a people under a savage dictatorship. The real question of the moment is whether we can so organise this country that the increased suffering from the air and the increased pressure of the German blockade does not have the disintegrating effect that Hitler expects it to have.

The Iron Guard's Doings

The Rumanian Iron Guard has been demonstrating with a savagery worthy of its Nazi tutors that it is the effective government of this German dependency. It has murdered in the prisons of Bucharest over sixty of its chief opponents, including several of King Carol's former ministers and generals. This was an act of vengeance for the equally lawless murder in prison by the late King's orders of their leader Codreanu and thirty of his lieutenants. They have also carried out a pogrom in Ploesti, the oil-well centre, in which 200 Jews are said to have been slaughtered. But at the same time they have been demonstrating against Hitler's verdict, which handed over half of Transylvania to Hungary. From Bucharest comes news, possibly exaggerated, of the anarchy in the still Rumanian portion of that province, which may indicate an intention to claim more of it. General Antonescu, who goes about in a green shirt and repeats Iron Guard slogans on the platform with perfect docility, seems to be a mere tool, perhaps a willing tool, of this fanatical party of youth. How far these excesses were spontaneous we do not know: they may have been inspired for a purpose by Berlin. Reports from Bucharest state that three or four fresh German divisions have recently passed through Hungary into Rumania. If this be true, it must be a preparation for some future aggression against Greece or Turkey, for no force of this magnitude is required to preserve order in subject Rumania—if order be what Nazis admire. There are also rumours, which we are slow to believe, that Yugoslavia has signed or is about to sign the Axis pact. We should not accept too absolutely assurances given by Herr von Papen to the Turks that Germany will do nothing this winter to help Italy in the Balkans—though our own view is still that the main German effort will be directed against this country at sea and in the air.

The End of an Illusion

Though all the news that comes out of France must be treated with reserve, it is probable that Marshal Pétain is about to remove his residence as the leader of this subject nation from Vichy to the royal palace of Versailles. He will there be more securely under the guard of the Germans. M. Laval is about to make a pilgrimage to Berlin, from which we should infer that the definitive treaty of peace is still in process of negotiation. In an interview with a Parisian weekly, Marshal Pétain has indicated that he would welcome German collaboration for the defence of the French Empire against Great Britain and General de Gaulle were it not for his fear that Paris and other French towns would be bombarded by the R.A.F. Fear is not the tie by which we should choose to retain some remnant of friendship with our former ally, but if no other consideration weighs with the Marshal, it is satisfactory that he recognises the prowess of our airmen. This interview disposes of the illusion that used to prevail in Downing Street that Pétain is appreciably more friendly than our open enemy Laval. The mysterious incident of the shooting during the naval battle in the Tyrrhenian Sea of M. Chiappe aboard a French passenger plane calls for explanation: Syria, however, will now be less likely to go over actively to the Axis, for this sinister Fascist conspirator was a capable administrator.

Bishop Barnes and Cement

The Bishop of Birmingham plunged last week-end into the cement controversy with more enthusiasm than knowledge. He accused the leaders of the industry—meaning presumably Sir Malcolm Stewart of Associated Portland Cement, and Lord Wolmer of the Cement Makers Federation—of still keeping usable works idle in spite of the nation's acute need. He intimated that those responsible ought to be sent to a concentration camp, and that if Government control were set up forthwith, a huge increase in output could be somehow magically achieved. Unfortunately it is not as simple as that. Government control has been formally established, and all cement factories in working order are now producing. But this is not the end of the matter. The building industry itself is dissatisfied, and Parliament should not rest content with so slight an improvement. In the years before the war the ring closed down a number of the smaller cement works which were not economic in the profit-making sense. Experts believe that many of these could be got going again with a certain amount of labour and time. Since the ring would not find it a business proposition, it is clearly a job for the Government. But if the nation is to have the really big increase in cement output for both shelter and fortification purposes which is going to be necessary to wage the war on an adequate scale, we shall need more cement capacity even than this. Building authorities unconnected with the ring maintain that various alternative methods of production could be got going fairly quickly. Here again little progress is likely while Lord Wolmer remains Government Cement Controller. Surely there is a case for a big extension of the industry under Government ownership as well as control, with managerial help from the existing firms on the plan of the aircraft "shadow" factories. It is up to Lord Reith to appoint an independent Controller, and some independent body to inquire quickly into the possibility of carrying this out.

Cocoa and Bananas

The rallying of native Equatorial Africa to General de Gaulle shows that African native opinion may be one of the decisive factors in this war. That is one among many reasons why the British Government should treat our own native subjects with the most scrupulous fair dealing at the present time. Parliament has already done well in insisting on the publication of the Northern Rhodesian Copper Report which has now been promised. Another area where potential discontent has been generated by a British Government decision is the cocoa-producing district in the Gold Coast and Nigeria. There is great dissatisfaction, loudly expressed in the local papers, about the British Government's recent decision to pay a price for the cocoa crop 20 per cent. below that of last season. Local feeling has been further embittered by a series of steep rises in the import duties which consumers have to pay on many necessities. Yet another grievance is that the British Government's new Cocoa Board is composed of too many representatives of the big buying interests and too few of the local producers and local Government. Last season the British Government bought the whole cocoa crop, but a part of it had to be burnt for lack of export markets and storage facilities. Although the whole crop has been bought again this year (but at a lower price) it still seems likely that a part of it may again be burnt. The British Government is rightly trying to encourage consumption of cocoa in this country by a subsidised low price, and by advertising. It is not its fault if markets in the outside world cannot be found at the moment. This is clearly a case for Sir Frederick Leith Ross' new Committee which has been given the job of buying and storing "surplus" products until after the war. It is not an easy job. But rather than alienate our native subjects, and rather than present Goebbels with the picture of cocoa—and the bananas which we cannot ship from Jamaica—being burnt, it is a job that has got to be done somehow.

Good News from China

All indications from the Far East suggest that the Japanese have abandoned the attempt at a military conquest and occupation of the vast area of China. Instead, they hope to maintain control of the north of China and of the coast, and to dominate the politics of China through Wang Ching-wei, their puppet in Nanking. Wang Ching-wei has now been afforded formal recognition from Tokio who have signed a treaty with him, making paper arrangements about tariffs and customs. This show of legality will enable Japan to increase the difficulties of the foreign community in Shanghai, where the Japanese have already established a blockade. Following their military withdrawal from Kwangsei the Japanese have sustained a serious defeat in Central China, north of Nanking, and their general retreat from the China interior seems probable. Their immediate aim appears to be to strengthen their position in Indo-China and Thailand, where they have already stirred up an irredentist movement to trouble the French authorities in Indo-China. As they intensify their pressure in the

south they increase the concern of the U.S.A. President Roosevelt has responded by a loan to China of 25 million pounds. Mr. Churchill has stated that he recognises that there is a China front in the war against the Axis; political substance would be given to this recognition in the shape of a parallel offer of British credits for China, perhaps to be spent on supplies from India. Meanwhile, though there is little reliable information about Molotov's talks with Ribbentrop there is good reason to believe that the U.S.S.R. refused to modify in any way the material assistance that she is now giving to the Chinese Republic.

Left Turnings

The current issue of *Left News* contains, among a number of exceptionally interesting articles, a pronouncement by Mr. Victor Gollancz on the past and future of the Left Book Club. He suggests that in the future it may be called the "League for Victory and Progress." We can hardly believe that the new name will readily appeal to many of those who have worked most enthusiastically for the Club in the past. A large proportion of them are certainly in agreement with the war policy of Mr. Gollancz, Mr. Strachey and Professor Laski, but the new title has an ideological flavour that is likely to repel many who are by no means Communists. Dr. John Lewis, who before the war was the organiser of the Left Book Club, has replied to Mr. Gollancz in the *Daily Worker*. He argues that the present attitude of *Left News* follows inevitably from Mr. Gollancz's "one-man" control. He agrees with Mr. Gollancz that the Left Book Club had an immense and lasting effect on its members; it educated tens of thousands of people who would otherwise have lacked political understanding. He assumes from this that these educated Leftists would now, if they had a vote, take the Communist line. This is a quite unjustifiable deduction. The Left Book Club taught its members to hate war, to hate Fascism and to suspect the motives of the British ruling class who "in the last resort would prefer Fascism to Socialism." The "correct line" of policy based on these premises is not at all obviously the Communist line. Mr. Gollancz and Mr. Strachey, on the contrary, argue, we should have thought unanswerably after the experience of France, that to devote oneself to the overthrow of the British ruling class to-day was to betray the working class, since a Hitler victory would totally wipe out the working-class movement in this country. This very argument, it should be remembered, was thundered from Communist platforms all over the country during the "popular front" period. It was a Trotskyist betrayal at that time to put British imperialism and Fascism on the same level. Communists, up to and after the beginning of the war, called for Mr. Churchill as Premier. Because U.S.S.R. policy changed, Communist policy changed, and in defending this policy Mr. Palme Dutt, the high priest of British Communism, is reduced in the *Labour Monthly* to suggesting that there has never been a danger of Nazi invasion or conquest of this country. The Nazi threat is apparently no more than a propagandist dodge of Mr. Churchill's to dupe the working class! If there were no threat of conquest, the argument that this is an imperialist and not a "people's war" would have much more force. The threat of invasion and conquest is, however, unpleasantly real, and it would seem to follow that the working-class movement must put resistance to Hitler first, while increasing its strength and maintaining its independence during the war.

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THE DRIFT OF WAR ECONOMY

LAST week's statements on economic policy by Greenwood and Bevin have been followed by a cry in the newspapers that there is something badly amiss. This is no wonder; for every Government pronouncement makes it plain that there is no general economic policy. In the background sits the Chancellor of the Exchequer, with a deficit, about which nobody seems to worry, at the rate of some £2,000 millions a year, after counting in on the credit side of the account defence bonds and other borrowing supposed to come from real savings. If this is not inflation, what is? The financial effects are still largely concealed by price-controls; but the *Economist* index of wholesale prices has risen from 76 to 107 since August, 1939, and even the Ministry of Labour's Cost of Living index is up from 94½ to 117—and everyone knows that it fails to reflect the real increase for any section of the population. It may be that these price-increases are unavoidable, under the existing conditions; but that is only another way of saying that a Government which rests on a compromise between antagonistic interests is incapable in financial matters of any policy except drift. We are in fact paying our public expenses as to one-half, or thereabouts, out of short-term borrowing, which is bound to consist mainly of new money created out of nothing. A gap of this size cannot be closed by ordinary taxation. It could be closed only by some such drastic measure as an absolute rationing of spending power, involving a revolutionary change in middle- and upper-class standards and ways of living. That means that, for the present at any rate, it will not be closed—not until the *blitz* has driven the middle classes out of their houses, or filled them up with refugees, not until there are no domestic servants to be had, and restaurants serve only standard meals—in fact, not until Great Britain is a very different place from what it is to-day. Until then rationing will be done by price rise and will fall on those who are least able to bear it.

Of course, wages also come into the picture. But where is the sense of expecting the workers to demand no increases to meet the rising costs of living when there is no policy for dealing with the increases or the expenditure of other classes? The wage-earner very naturally takes the line that, if he is expected to work heavy overtime as the employee of a private firm, he ought to be paid for it; and, in face of rising costs of goods, the workers who are not called upon to work overtime, but are on the contrary short of work, cannot help feeling that they ought at least to receive some compensation for rising prices. The soldier gets fed and clothed: the worker in one of the non-war trades has to buy goods at greatly increased prices out of earnings which have risen but little, and in some cases have actually been reduced. If all were called upon to tighten their belts together, the thing would probably be done without much grumbling; but in practice it does not happen like that.

Take, for example, the figures just published in the *Ministry of Labour Gazette*, analysing average earnings in various industries in July, 1940. These show that, whereas men's earnings have risen in the metal and engineering trades by 36 per cent. since October, 1938 (when the previous inquiry was made), the comparable increases for some other industries are—printing, 0.6 per cent.; clothing, under 12 per cent.; food trades, 16 per cent.; woodworking, 16 per cent.; building and contracting, 31½ per cent.; textile trades, 32½ per cent. These variations are, of course, largely due to differences in the hours worked in the various occupations; and it must be borne in mind that a part of the increases occurred before the outbreak of war. But the discrepancies are big enough to show that there is no consistent wage policy. Incidentally, the figures for metal and engineering are, in view of the long working week, very much lower than would be supposed by those who have been misled by citations of exceptionally high earnings in such places as Birmingham and Coventry. The engineers and metal workers over the country as a whole, though they show larger absolute increases than other trades, are undoubtedly getting on the average a smaller *real* wage per hour than before the war. Recent investigations have shown, moreover, that as a result of a chaotic evacuation policy, the failure to pay adequate maintenance grants to the families of those called up (and they are increasing in number), the failure to deal with the consequences of bombing on employment, the poverty line has hardly changed even

in towns which most largely benefit from armament expansion.

This is directly relevant to the engineers' wage-claim, which the A.E.U. Conference has now agreed to refer to the National Arbitration Tribunal, after a vote in which a quite substantial minority voted in favour of a threat to strike as an alternative to going to arbitration. We do not believe that this minority really meant that it favoured strike action: what it did mean is that it thought it would get more by direct approach to the Government than by going before the Tribunal. Possibly there was a time when it would have been possible to stabilise wages at the pre-war level—in conjunction, of course, with a policy of stabilised prices and effective control of other incomes besides wages. But that is no longer practicable; and what ought to be done now is to fix a definite level over pre-war wage-rates at which stability can now be hoped for, and to relate this new level to a working week of the length which the workers can be expected to put in without undue fatigue. Such a policy demands a real price policy and an effective control over the incomes or the expenditures of everyone. But, unless the Government does attempt stabilisation now, we do not see how an inflationary spiral can be avoided—not even by a blank refusal to meet working-class grievances.

The latest phase of the *blitzkrieg*, with intensive raids on the principal munition-making centres, is surely bound to involve a considerable amount of dispersal of essential factories to new areas and, in many cases, a breaking up of huge establishments into smaller units. We sincerely hope that some Minister, capable of thinking in terms bigger than those of a single department, is seeing to it that this dispersal is arranged with more regard to the availability of labour, housing accommodation, transport facilities, and other essential needs than was shown in the initial layout of our war effort. It would be monstrous if either private employers, or a particular Ministry, were to be allowed to re-plant factories just where they pleased, without proper regard to all the factors. This is what did happen in the earlier stages of the war; and, if the Cabinet is not careful, it will now be allowed to happen again. There ought to be a general planning agency, reviewing the needs of all the departments affected, and armed with enough authority to prevent any Minister, however cheeky or influential, from going his own way regardless of the general interest—even if the cheeky Minister happens to be a Member of the War Cabinet as well as the head of an important department. The continued high rate of shipping losses is a further and important reason for reshaping our economic structure. Until there is a coherent economic policy we shall drift without being able to apply our whole potential energies to the war. Nothing less will serve. If there are forces behind the scenes which prevent the representatives of the Labour Party in the Government from enforcing a rational war economy, then it is their duty to expose and defeat these forces. If they fail, the disaster may be so great that the destruction of the progressive movement they are supposed to lead in this country will seem no more than an incidental tragedy.

REFUGEES AND PIONEERS

IT is expected of any Minister that he should defend the officials of his department, and this Mr. Morrison did in Tuesday's debate on the painful refugee problem. We doubt whether he yet realises what a tangle of incompetence, red tape and prejudice he still has to unravel, but his appointment of an expert in business procedure is a sign that he regrets the inexcusable delays that still occur. It passes our comprehension to understand why an interval of anything from two weeks to three months must elapse between the decision to release an internee and his actual liberation. Captain Peake's replies to Miss Rathbone revealed an ugly tendency on the part of the Home Office to conceal the truth and cover up its record.

About 8,000 persons, including some Nazis or near-Nazis, are to be released—which does not mean that they have been released—chiefly on the score of old age, sickness or youth. Another group of 4,400 are in Canada and 2,200 in Australia. Those in Canada are well fed and well housed. But they are classed as "prisoners of war": the Nazis and anti-Nazis are mixed together, and no means yet exist by which any of them can claim release. For these 6,600 men we are glad that Mr. Morrison is now at last making some provision. Another group of 700 are in prison in England, uncharged and untried and ineligible for release under any category. Mr. Morrison's scheme applies only to the 10,000 presumably friendly male enemy aliens interned in this country. He relies for the liberation of those who deserve release chiefly on their volunteering to serve in the Pioneer Corps. This has been open to them in theory for many months. Men who claim to be enemies of the Nazis and friends to our cause should be willing to serve in this Corps. This test is in principle a proper one, but it has been applied with an extreme lack of tact. First to lock a man up and then to tell him that he can get out if he will join our Army is not a pretty procedure, and some of the men resent the fact that they are debarred from combatant service and cannot serve under their own officers. But we think Mr. Morrison is too sanguine in his expectation that this method will lead to the release of the great majority of his male prisoners. The age limits are from 18 to 50. The refugees include a high proportion of professional men, "intellectuals" or clerical workers of one kind or another, and the majority are Jews. How often will a man over 40, who had led a sedentary life, be fit to wield a pick as a miner or a navvy would? And if, in time, given good health, he can learn to do it, is this really the best way to employ, let us say, a doctor of medicine? Or can the Pioneer Corps be made more elastic?

But Mr. Morrison has opened a door of release for those who are over age or physically unfit. They must satisfy a tribunal "that they are opposed to the Nazi or Fascist systems, that they are positively friendly towards the Allied cause, and that they will remain steadfast towards that cause in all circumstances." This is a difficult formula. How can any man prove that he "will remain steadfast in all circumstances"? How could even Mr. Morrison prove it, if he were a stranger confronting a foreign tribunal? The best evidence a man can give is that he has an anti-Nazi record which would ensure him a Nazi hell if ever Hitler gets him. The danger, as we see it, is still that thousands of these men will have to face for months and even years to come the interminable delays and the unintelligible criteria of these tribunals, which since the general round-up in May have found only eighty-two "prominent" men worthy of release on political grounds.

Professor Hill pleaded strongly for the many men of intellectual distinction whose talents still lie rotting in these camps. We are no less concerned for still more numerous instances of simple men of the rank and file, manual workers, who may have risked life, limb and liberty repeatedly in the struggle against Nazis and Fascists, but do not qualify for release under the political paragraph 19, because they were not "prominent."

A German or Austrian working man, knowing little English, has to plead his own case before a barrister, doubtless a distinguished man in his profession, who in his turn knows nothing of life in Nazi Germany. The result is, in several cases known to us, that men who belonged to an illegal Trade Union, banned by the Third Reich, and men who fought against Nazis and Fascists in Spain, have actually been placed in Class A as Nazis. We would strongly urge that a trustworthy representative of the German or Austrian anti-Nazi organisations should attend the meetings of the tribunals, to help the men to state their case and to fill up gaps in the knowledge of their English members. The laggardly procedure could be shortened if anti-Nazi parties, recognised for purposes of propaganda by other Ministries, were asked by the Home Office to submit lists of their trusted members among the internees.

Finally there is another group, the 4,000 women in the Isle of Man, for whom the Pioneer Corps provides no solution. In one respect they are more fortunate than the men, for within a fairly spacious area their movements are free. But, unlike the men, they can have no organised communal life since more than five are forbidden to meet together. For the whole four thousand there are only two part-time doctors, although there are among them several German women doctors, who are forbidden to use their skill. Nazis and anti-Nazis are still mixed together. At last the women are to have a tribunal: how many years will it take to decide four thousand cases? If Mr. Morrison has not time to visit some of these camps in person, he should discuss this problem not only with the officials who made the muddles, but with the leaders of the German and Austrian parties in London, many of them his socialist comrades.

CENSORSHIP

[By an American Correspondent in London]

We American correspondents have done a good deal of grousing about the British censorship lately, but the culprit shows no signs of reforming yet, and a few more well-pitched yelps seem called for.

It is all the more a pity that the censorship, run by men with brains, should so frequently lapse into stupidity. The chief press censor, Mr. Cyril Radcliffe, and the director of censorship, Admiral George Thomson, are not only men of keen intelligence, but are manifestly anxious to facilitate the work of foreign reporters here. The trouble appears to be that they lack the power to enforce their ideas against the stuffed owls in the Foreign Office and defence departments.

To make clearer the sort of brick wall we continually bump into, let me mention a few recent experiences. One episode overstrained the *New York Times*' correspondent's patience. He had mentioned German planes flying up the Thames estuary the previous night.

"You mayn't mention the Thames in your dispatch," the censor told him.

"Hell, then," the correspondent answered in despair, "go ahead and report to my American readers that the German bombers flew up the Amazon."

The censor was certainly not lacking in conscientiousness. He meticulously deleted the word Thames, replaced it by Amazon, and promptly forwarded the dispatch to New York.

Another American reporter was forbidden to mention Coventry, shortly after the devastation of that city. For the benefit of readers up in their Godiviana, he described the havoc wrought in "a Midland town, famed for its naked women," and the censor immediately passed it.

A third American correspondent reported this week that discussions regarding a new British credit to China are proceeding. The censor, after a tussle with the Foreign Office, approved this, but insisted on the elimination later in the same message of the phrase, "A new British credit to China is possible." Are you surprised that, baffled by this high logic, the censorship drives us occasionally to break out in gooseberry pimples and in print?

These and many other censorship experiences are inexplicable on any grounds other than stunted mental growth or bullheadedness, which have a certain affinity. And I do not wish to dwell unduly on the attitude of certain high authorities, who traditionally view a journalist much as a duchess regards a cockroach.

There is the admiral, for instance, who ruled that I should not mention the landing of British forces on Crete, although the American press had already published the fact. He may have had some abstruse reason for that ban, but it hardly justified his tart remark: "The press should write what it's told, and that's all." The admiral will have his hands full, persuading American reporters to embrace that philosophy of journalism.

Another type of censorship is less easy to laugh off. It was exemplified a few days ago by the suppression here of a telegram to the American press about the Halifax-Attlee-Alexander suggestion to Dr. Negrin that he should "voluntarily" leave Britain. The salient facts had become public knowledge in the Commons and Lords. The correspondent had merely re-hashed them and included a brief reference to the conversation between Lord Halifax and Mr. A. V. Alexander on the one hand and Negrin on the other, in the First Lord's office at the Admiralty. Inquiring why he was not allowed to send this story, the correspondent was informed by one official that the news could disturb Britain's relations with another Power. The other Power being Spain, it very soon became obvious that this motivation was nonsense, as Franco was bound to be only too gratified at the spectacle of the British Government offering Dr. Negrin his hat and stick. Later the correspondent was given another reason: a very high official at the Foreign Office had decided that the privacy of Lord Halifax's talk with Negrin must be treated as sacrosanct.

The correspondent remonstrated that British and foreign newspapers are constantly reporting diplomats' talks and often suggest the substance of the conversations when Lothian sees Roosevelt or Hull, Cripps visits Molotoff or Vishinsky or Craigie calls on Matsuoka or Ohashi, and the censorship does not interfere.

If the British Government is ashamed of its invitation to Dr. Negrin to quit England, the correspondent pleaded, and if the authorities consequently prefer the incident to be forgotten, then let them say so honestly, and the more credit to them. But, no: the correspondent's report was quashed. But just to restore the censorship's almost unfailing lighter touch, the censor, by inadvertence, allowed a Swedish journalist on the self-same day to report the identical facts about the Negrin affair to his newspaper.

RHODESIAN CONFLICT

Northern Rhodesia is in the news. Two events, set side by side, have stung us to an awareness of something disquieting in this great copper-producing colony. Recent company meetings in London have announced that the mines are yielding enormous profits—over £6,000,000 a year. Simultaneously questions are provoked in Parliament by the long delay in publishing the report of a Commission which inquired into the strike and shootings on the Copperbelt last March. The strike was organised by African miners for higher wages and better working conditions, after a similar strike by European employees had been successful. The Africans' demands were refused by the companies. In the disturbances that flared up, seventeen workers were killed and seventy wounded. An African copper-miner, by the way, earns from 9*d.* to 1*s.* 2*d.* a day.

What is going on in Northern Rhodesia? Until 1924, this huge tract of land, three times the size of Britain, was not even a British colony. The British South Africa Company, Cecil Rhodes' creation, had administered it since 1889 under a Charter, and lost £1,660,000 in so doing. In 1924, when the Colonial Office took over, there were 4,000 Europeans in the whole land, the revenue was less than half a million pounds a year, imports and exports together were barely a million. Since then, trade and finance have been revolutionised. To-day there are 13,000 Europeans (and one hundred times as many Africans), revenue is in the region of two millions a year, exports are valued at ten millions, and imports at five. All this has been achieved by copper. In 1925 sulphide ores were discovered at a workable level. Copper now comprises nine-tenths of the country's exports, and provides, in one way or another, most of its tax-revenue.

But politically copper is only one factor in a complex and exciting struggle. The most blatant aspect of the struggle—and it has nothing whatever to do with copper—is the growing hostility between the white settlers in the uplands of Africa and the Colonial Office in London. To these settlers, who are mainly farmers, the Colonial Office, with its "sentimental" desire to protect the native, is a burden and an obstruction. The settler finds himself baulked in acquiring land, in assuring himself of a cheap and docile labour supply, in governing the country as he wills, by irritating tentacles stretching out from Whitehall, and still more irritating questionings at Westminster. When, in 1930, Lord Passfield at the Colonial Office insisted on "the paramountcy" of native rights, the settlers of Northern Rhodesia burst out with the following declaration:

> British colonists . . . hold that the British Empire is primarily concerned with the furtherance of the interests of British subjects of British race, and only thereafter with other British subjects, protected races, and the nationals of other countries, in that order. . . . Faced with the declared determination of the Imperial Government to prefer the interests of alien and barbarous races to those of her own, they may seek, and find, sympathy and aid . . . from neighbouring countries enjoying freer institutions and more equitable opportunities.

Union with Southern Rhodesia has since become the political ambition of the European community. Under the present constitution, the whole executive power is in the hands of Colonial Office officials, and officials have a majority in the Legislature. But in Southern Rhodesia the settlers have achieved a semi-responsible Government of their own, and have adopted a native policy on something approaching the South African model, which certainly makes life pleasanter for the white man, if not for the native. The Northern Rhodesian settlers—and for that matter, the settlers of East Africa—look longingly at Southern Rhodesia and South Africa and breathe threats against the Colonial Office. In 1939 the Bledisloe Commission was dispatched to study possible amalgamation between the two Rhodesias and Nyasaland, but enraged the settlers by a negative report. One of the chief and most infuriating reasons for this decision was the unanimous opposition to the plan expressed by the Africans in their evidence.

> "All this talk about native evidence," said one settler in the Legislative Council. "Well, there is not a man here that does not know something about Natives in this country. . . . We know what Native opinion is worth. There is not one intelligent Native in this country. . . . In fact they do not understand the problem, which was shown in the evidence they gave."

The war has not mellowed this hostility to control from abroad. "We should be fighting now unremittingly," writes the *East African Standard*, "for a broad base for our future . . . a foundation that is not cluttered up with Mandates and Congo Basin Treaties and the like. . . . We shall have taken a long step forward to the replacement of the old-fashioned system of control through the servants of a distant authority by something that is East African in its origins."

In the second facet of the struggle, the Africans themselves are the protagonists, and here the influence of copper begins to be felt. The

natives of Northern Rhodesia are among the most primitive, diseased, illiterate and poverty-stricken in Africa. The revenue of the country has always been too small to support reasonable social services. A large part of the best lands has been taken over by Europeans, and the Africans have been crowded into insufficient reserves, with poor water-supplies and deteriorating soils. Their village economy has been broken up by the call of the mines for labour. In some areas half the male adult population is away at times working on the mines and farms. The rest of the people lives—and dies—as best it can on its depleted labour and ebbing resources. But the native worker in the mines is, in the meantime, having his first introduction to modern industrialism and political consciousness. Twice in five years he has organised strikes, and both times the strikes have ended in riots and shootings. These are the words of one native worker before the Commission of Inquiry into the 1935 riots:

> The natives have seen that they started work at the same time as the Europeans and the European at once is able to buy a motor car and he gets a lot of food at the hotel. The natives complain about this. They compare the wages of the Europeans with the wages of the natives. They do the same kind of work. . . .

Superimposed on the political strivings of the settlers, and the growing self-awareness of the Africans, comes yet a third struggle, the struggle of a poor colony with finance capital from abroad. One phase of this is an overt and recurring battle between the white community of Northern Rhodesia and the now virtually functionless British South Africa Company. When this Company relinquished its charter in 1924, it retained its possession of mineral rights. At that time no one foresaw the great expansion of the copper industry. To-day the Company is firmly entrenched in its right to draw royalties on the copper extracted, and receives as a result some hundreds of thousands of pounds annually. This sum is important in a country whose whole revenue is only one to two millions. The question is constantly being referred to in the Legislative Assembly:

> "Sooner or later this preposterous concession will be upset," said one member last year. "I say 'preposterous' because assuming that they did expend as much as one million pounds in Northern Rhodesia, and they cannot have done as much as that—look what they have already had in the way of royalties. It is something enormous. But they claim that they have those rights in perpetuity. . . . It cannot be defended, Sir."

But there is a further and far more serious phase of the conflict with finance capital, and here the battle has barely been engaged. If the British South Africa Company draws royalties of £300,000 a year, the copper companies draw profits running into millions. In the year 1937–8, when the total value of the copper exported was about £10,000,000, the operating profit of the three major copper companies amounted to nearly £5,000,000, of which over £3,000,000 was paid out in dividends in London. In this same year the revenue of Northern Rhodesia was under £1,000,000, and the native wages paid in the mining industry were about a quarter of a million. The copper companies pay some income tax to the Northern Rhodesian Government. But they also pay heavy taxes to the British Exchequer. After British income tax, royalties to the British South Africa Company, remunerations for copper company staff in London, and dividends to copper shareholders have been paid, there is not much left of the copper proceeds for Northern Rhodesia itself. Since the outbreak of war copper has been booming, and profits reaching record levels. This is useful for the British Treasury and the copper shareholder is pretty secure, even if dividends are somewhat reduced. But to what extent will the Northern Rhodesian Treasury—let alone the African miner—partake in the prosperity? The Copperbelt strikes are only an introduction to these wider issues.

But this is not, after all, the main problem. Northern Rhodesia, no less than North America, and certainly no less than South Africa, will find the answer to the exploitation of foreign capital. The ultimate conflict is, rather, in the clash of two ideologies—the South African idea of native policy and the British idea. In Northern Rhodesia this conflict is epitomised in the hostility between settler and Whitehall, but the whole of Africa is covered by its implications. From the Cape to the Zambesi River, flowing along the southern edge of Northern Rhodesia, the South Africa policy rules. Its essence is a white superiority and a black serfdom. In the rest of British Africa the British policy prevails. This claims, with modifications, that native interests shall be paramount. But however "native paramountcy" is modified in practice, it still remains the aim of the British Government and the British people. In Northern Rhodesia the two antagonistic policies meet and clash. The future of this backward territory, tucked away in tropical Africa, is important, not only for itself, but for all Africa and for all imperialism.

RITA HINDEN

A LONDON DIARY

To find a leader who can unite exiles is always among the mos difficult problems. What, people ask me, is the truth about Genera de Gaulle? The Vichy newspapers attack him, as one would expec as a freemason surrounded by Socialists and Jews. In this countr the rumour runs that "he is a dangerous reactionary, a Fascist an would-be dictator." It remains important to examine this story eve though one knows that some of those who spread it are secret adherent of Laval. Of course, neither of these views of de Gaulle could gai currency if there were no facts that supported them. At the General' Headquarters you will find young officers who used to be, like th General himself, enthusiastic adherents of the *Action Française* (This journal has made the most marvellous somersaults; accordin to Monsieur Léon Daudet, once the most ferocious of Boche-baiter one has to be a Jew to hate the Germans and the war was pushed b the English aristocracy, who all have Jewish blood. Even Mr. Ede is discovered to be non-Aryan!) At the General's Headquarters yo will also find officers who were prominent supporters of the *Fron Populaire*. The Labour adviser, for instance, is M. Henry Haud well-known in English Labour circles, who makes anti-Fascist broad casts regularly at 6.15 in the morning to the French workmen an peasants. Indeed, among the "Free Frenchmen" every social cla is represented, and every political idea—except that of subservience t Germany. If peace restores to France her independence, doubtle these men will differ, and differ vigorously, about the form of co stitution best suited to revive her health. In any case, the decisio will not be in their hands—it will depend upon the French in Franc All the French politicians are completely discredited among Frenchme Meanwhile those who have rallied to General de Gaulle are united b a common determination to liberate their country. They are a popul front. They want a good soldier as their general. I doubt if d Gaulle's political ideas are clearly formulated. They will depend o circumstances. But I will confess to some anxiety when I see hi described in official communiqués as Leader of Free France. Wh he is, surely, is Commander-in-Chief of the Forces of Free France.

* * *

Remember that free Frenchmen are united also by a sacrifice th each of them has made. They have all preferred the stress of war t the seductions of peace, the loneliness of exile to the comparative ea of their homes. And the French, it must be remembered, are fi more domestic and home-loving than the English. The British pre has shown a remarkable decency in its attitude to the French collap —one can imagine what the French press would have said if we ha made a separate peace—and there has been a general wish to di tinguish between the people of France and their ignoble governo But are we sufficiently aware of all that the Free Frenchmen have giv up in order to represent their country at our side? Their property liable to confiscation, their families to persecution. They ma themselves outlaws, having faith in us, at a moment when most o the world thought that our defeat was certain. Clearly their love o France and what France stands for comes first. Otherwise they wou be enjoying the *douches* of Vichy, or even dining at Maxim's wi Doriot, Déat, the so-called Comte de Brinon and the German Hi Command. They have reason to hope now. There is real evidence no of a growing spirit of revolt in France. We have over in France Fifth Column that is on our side, a Fifth Column that certainly i cludes nine-tenths of the population. The French, it is said, are divid into two parties, the Anglophiles and the Anglophobes. The form says *Pourvu que les Anglais gagnent*, and the latter say, *Pourvu q ces cochons d'Anglais gagnent*. In fact, apart from a few big busine men and politicians, every Frenchman looks to us for liberation. many the name of General de Gaulle has become a flag. His follow are the Deputies who act for a gagged nation.

* * *

The B.B.C. has cut off the broadcasting performances of t Glasgow Orpheus Choir because of the pacifist views of the co ductor, Sir Hugh Roberton. Not only has it shut down the ch as far as this country is concerned, but it has refused facilities f transmission by Athlone. One of the reasons for the Governo decision was the outcry about the broadcasts given by Mr. J. Middlet Murry. In reply, it can be argued that there is no analogy between t broadcasting of a speaker and that of a choir, since a speaker expressing a personal point of view whereas a choir's business to sing. But the B.B.C. plays for safety and is becoming very dow in this matter. Sir Hugh might conduct the *sforzando* passa *con amore* and so insidiously weaken the resolution of listeners.

alteration of the pitch or the tempo the *Marche Militaire* might sound like a peace demonstration. It is the job of the Governors to suspect tendentiousness even in a cookery recipe.

* * *

Black-out had descended when I fell into conversation with a policeman. I commented on the remarkable gaiety of the tubes—remarkable when you find them laughing and singing at home-made concerts in such an atmosphere and with stone seats instead of cinema plush. He agreed, but said he thought health more urgent than entertainment. "George Formby's all right in the Aldwych tube instead of the Aldwych Theatre. But entertainment comes second. It's true that you can get a cup of tea now in the tubes. And there's a nurse, too. But what is one nurse in an underground that holds 4,000–6,000 people? Why don't they have a couple of nurses on each platform? The nurses in the First Aid posts sit around wasting their time—I know because my wife was a nurse, and went on to another job when there was nothing to do at the post. And the lavatories in the tubes still stink like poison, and people sleep against them. It's epidemics I'm afraid of, and the bunks and all they've promised are so slow." We went through the list of things promised and agreed they were slow, very slow. "Of course, Miss Wilkinson is right in saying that something's been done," he said, "but I'd like to take her round with me at six in the morning when they're asleep. The nearest thing to stiffs they look that aren't stiffs. People *ought* to complain." Why is it? Apparently it is no longer lack of materials. No reason, we are assured, to adopt the gentlemanly British equivalent of shooting a few of the contractors. But Herbert Morrison is, I think, too tender to local authorities. Local government has broken down under the strain. Authorities that fail to do the job should be superseded. If Mr. Morrison needs more power over London Boroughs no one will grudge it.

* * *

On this problem I read with astonishment a most odd attack on the *News-Chronicle* in last week's *Time and Tide*. Without the Press campaign there would have been general rioting as the only means of changing the shocking state of affairs in the East End at the beginning of the Blitzkrieg; without it, we should not have got Herbert Morrison and Ellen Wilkinson instead of Anderson. The cry that exposure of bad conditions is "defeatist" (*Time and Tide* uses the phrase about the *News-Chronicle's* reports) is in reality the most subtle form of defeatism. I wish the newspapers had been less afraid of being called "defeatist" last winter; if the truth had been told about France there might have been a Maginot Line on the Belgian-French frontier and Hitler might not have toured the *Champs Elysées*. But the worst feature of this *Time and Tide* article is an attack on the staff of the *News-Chronicle* as opposed to its proprietors, a suggestion that things would have been different if Sir Walter Layton had not been in America, and so on. Even if there was something wrong and unconstructive about the tone of some of the *News-Chronicle's* reports, surely Lady Rhondda, herself editor and proprietor, should have appreciated the unfairness of such comment. Will Lady Rhondda rebuke herself as editor if I tell the proprietor of *Time and Tide* how reprehensible her article was?

* * *

"I wonder," said a friend who should know, "if we are doing enough to exploit Hitler's perplexities and to make it clear that he has been hesitating for some time whether to sell France to Italy or Italy to France, and has lately been inclining to double-cross his Italian allies in the hopes of getting more out of France in the way of naval support? He is, in fact, at the present moment inclined to drop the prey for the shadow, as in the fable. In one way at least he is in an awkward position, because if he lets his Italian jackal collapse, his own reputation will collapse too. If, on the other hand, he revives the jackal, the jackal will then revive its claims on the carcass of France with which Hitler is trying to do a deal while being still uncertain how far to apply the butcher's knife. What, therefore, is he going to do? The only thing that can be safely said is that he simply must do the dirty somewhere."

* * *

Pondering a newspaper report that a woman has been sent to prison for three months because her child had "lifted" some coal, I happened upon an admirable discussion of one of the most difficult problems involved in this kind of stealing. Every year a lecture is given in commemoration of Clarke Hall, the great magistrate on whose work in juvenile courts much of the improvement in dealing with young criminals is based. This year's lecture was to be given by Margery Fry, who has been chairman of the juvenile courts of London and who has more knowledge and more practical ideas about prisons and penal reform than anyone else I know. The war stopped the lecture; it is printed with an appreciative introduction by Sir John Anderson. Miss Fry called her lecture *The Ancestral Child*—the child whose crimes are due, not to depravity, but to the possession of moral standards suitable for a much more free and primitive society than ours. The rich, of course, take the most elaborate care to give scope to this stage of a child's development, but for most adventurous juveniles our society does not cater except in the Boy Scout and Girl Guide movements. How many people realise that the peak age of crime for males in this country is *thirteen?* Almost all these crimes are against property. (You will find very interesting age charts of crime in Miss Fry's lecture.) Now a moral code must appeal to the emotions as well as the reason, and what is there in our property laws to make a child feel that it is wrong, as well as know that it is thrillingly dangerous, to steal? In this society almost everything is "private"—even the grass and the flowers and the path which would seem naturally to be public. The best part of Miss Fry's lecture deals with different kinds of "having." The law treats them all alike; it is as wrong to steal "my hundredth as my only handkerchief." Much that is important follows from this: it is easy to make a child feel that it is wrong to steal some kinds of property; impossible to make him feel that he is not justified in trying to remedy some of the inequalities by a little adventurous marauding with the police as his enemy!

* * *

The other night, during a terrific barrage, a Bloomsbury resident had a gramophone concert. Beethoven remained intelligible through the roar of guns. There was a knock. Was it the black-out again? Anxiously he opened the door to find a polite neighbour who said that he called on behalf of several of the people in the house. They were sorry but they really could not stand the noise of the gramophone. It was terribly "monotonous" and they could get no rest!

CRITIC

THIS ENGLAND

Our prize of 5/- for the contribution at the head of this column goes this week to Peter Elstob.

All cuttings should be addressed to "This England," 10 Great Turnstile, W.C.1.

It is a shoot which in peacetime needs a lot of beaters—another scarce commodity in wartime. However, it was a Sunday and thirty troops appeared.

"We just called for volunteers," the explanation ran, "as an alternative to church parade. We always get more than we want, though we get some dirty looks from the padre afterwards."

Troops are only ersatz beaters. The Army cannot compete with good civilian beaters under a competent keeper. My friend suggested that the reason was lack of discipline.—*Daily Telegraph.*

Mr. Justice Hilbery, giving judgment, said: "This defendant appears to have behaved like a blackguard and with a degree of callousness and meanness in money matters that would have been a disgrace to a full-blooded Englishman. He was not that, because his father at any rate was a German."—Daily press.

Immediate.—Elderly bachelor desires quiet bedroom with homely woman. —Advt. in *Evening News and Times*, Worcester.

AVAILABLE PROFIT EXCEEDS £1,000,000
PLEA FOR REVISION OF E.P.T.
—Birmingham Small Arms Company Meeting headings in the *Times*

LORE

LOOKING at the frozen pond—it was in November—I said to a countryman: "It looks as though this is going to last some time." "I don't think so," he replied. "I don't expect we'll have much winter this year. There's enough ice on that pond to bear a duck, you see." I agreed that there was. "Well," he said, "you know the old saying:

> If the ice in November can bear a duck,
> The rest of the winter's all rain and muck."

Strange how one can go through decade after decade of one's life in complete ignorance of so much of the accumulated wisdom of mankind. At school we were taught the chief exports of the Gold Coast and the areas of the American lakes, but we were brought up ignoramuses about the weather at our doors. The great wit of weather prophecy did not come within the school curriculum. We

learnt a few tags on the subject, it is true, but it was not at school. We were told—but not by schoolmasters—that a red sky at night was the shepherd's delight, and that on a cloudy day, if there was enough blue in the sky to make a pair of breeches, good weather would follow. We were also told something about the influence of a mackerel sky. But so haphazard was our education in such matters that most of us who have reached late middle age could forecast the winner of the Derby more easily than to-morrow's weather.

If I want to know what the weather is going to be like, I always have to consult a gardener or someone who lives beside the sea. Gardeners and coast-dwellers are all meteorologists. A gardener has only to look at the sky for two seconds to see the future as clearly as if it were already the present. The native of a harbour town has but to note whether the south-west wind is shifting in a clockwise direction or widdershins to be able to foretell with absolute certainty the approach of blue days or of gales.

I never meet one of these learned weather prophets without being amazed at the extent of my ignorance. I feel like Socrates as they talk to me: I know that I know nothing.

There is, fortunately, one great pleasure in being ignorant. It results in one's being able to obey the proverbial instruction to live and learn. There is seldom a day passes that does not make some happy inroad into one's ignorance. A few weeks ago, for example, I learnt from a crossword puzzle the other name for a dachshund. I have already forgotten it but to know a new thing even for an hour or two gives pleasure. This week I have learned from a similar source—probably for the hundredth time—what kind of animal an echidna is and in what country it flourishes. That, too, I shall probably in the course of a few days re-forget, but I may have the luxury one day of learning this extremely interesting zoological fact over again.

All facts, I suppose, are interesting. There are wise men who say that they must be co-ordinated to be worth knowing. But to me every fact is worth knowing for its own sake. I like to read of the distance of Jupiter from the earth, even though it slips from my memory as swiftly as water from the back of a duck. I like to be shown an early edition of Sir Thomas Browne, from which I learn that his surname was sometimes spelt without the final "e." I like to know that Shelley for some time lived in unreasonable fear of contracting elephantiasis. I like to know why gas is called gas. I sometimes think that, if I were cast on a desert island, I should choose for my reading a complete set of the bound volumes of *Tit-Bits*. And, perhaps, *The Children's Magazine*. I once met an elderly man in a hotel who told me that he read it regularly and revelled in it. I procured a copy, and I certainly learnt more facts in an hour than I had forgotten in five years.

One does not need, however, to turn to publications for enlightenment. Facts greet us wherever we go. I went into an inn the other day and discovered that many Canadians put salt in their beer. Whether they do this to increase thirst or to dissipate gas I do not know; but, whatever may be the reason, I thought the fact interesting—as interesting as the fact that in Canada it is illegal to stand up while having a drink in a bar. About the same time I learnt an interesting fact about birds. "Did you see that jackdaw flying round the pond?" an old countryman asked me—I think he must have meant a magpie. On this assumption I said that I had. "I hadn't seen him for a long time," said the old man, "but he used to come here regularly. He came after the fish." That either a jackdaw or a magpie ate fish or had the means of catching fish was news to me, and very acceptable news. It brought a novel touch of liveliness into Noah's Ark. A day later I was driving through London in a car in which the friend who was driving me had given two soldiers a lift and I learnt another fact. As we passed Buckingham Palace, my friend, looking at the flag above the building, said: "The King is in residence." "Do you know what his income is?" one of the soldiers asked. "No," said my friend. "A penny a second," said the soldier, with what sounded like a sigh of envy. "Would you change jobs with him for the money?" my friend asked. "I would not," said the soldier; "I would rather have my two bob a day." Thus I was instructed at the same time about the King's income—perhaps incorrectly—and as to the lack of desire among simple men to be burdened with a crown.

Correspondents help, too, in one's endless education. I asked recently for an explanation of the phrase, "The answer is a lemon," and three correspondents generously came to my aid. As the answer tends slightly towards the indelicate, I will not quote it here. But I was glad to know it, as, indeed, I had known it when I was a boy. Another correspondent, pitying my ignorance of the right way to cook a rabbit, so that even the legs are edible, has sent me some illuminating facts on the subject. The facts seem to me to be repellent, but having confessed that I like facts for their own sake, I cannot in honesty refuse to give them. "Keep the beast 'hung,'" writes my correspondent, "till it just begins to smell strong." Then have it skinned and soaked all night in water. Then have it slowly stewed—or, if you like, curried; either makes a nice meal. If you have a choice of rabbits, pick one with fat showing in the skin." If I disliked the thought of eating rabbit before, I can assure my correspondent that his recipe has now put me off it for life.

He follows, however, with some facts about the right kind of rabbit to eat which interested me profoundly. "Be sure," he writes, "and get an inland rabbit, not a warren rabbit such as live in enclosures by the sea and live on whins, as which they are about as dry." These distinctions between one kind of rabbit and another—between the tame rabbit and the wild one, between the inland rabbit and the warren one—always appeal to one's curiosity, like the distinction some gourmets make between a cock crab and a hen crab. I myself could never tell the difference, but I like hearing about such things.

Having begun upon the lore of the rabbit, my correspondent confronts me with the conundrum: "Why do Scotch domestics like rabbit but won't touch hare?" He adds: "About sixty years ago I was standing on a bridge over the Ericht river and a man I did not know began to talk to me about hares and rabbits. He said there was the same difference between hares and rabbits as between pike and trout. It struck me at the time as an extraordinary idea. He gave me no explanation." It is less than a year since I learned that some people in County Down will not eat rabbits, looking on them—because they live underground—as cousins to the rats. Yet now it appears that in Scotland it is the hare that is the object of antipathy. I can think of only two possible explanations of this. One is that the hare, like the herring, is too rich for many people. The other is that the hare is associated with witchcraft, it being a common belief that witches turn themselves into hares and in that form steal the milk of the cows in the fields. Anyone who believed this would naturally feel that in eating a hare he was taking the risk of eating a fellow-human being and becoming no better than a cannibal.

Another new fact that I learnt from my correspondent's letter is that, when he was a child in Scotland, halibut, like mackerel, was not eaten. I can remember the old-fashioned prejudice against mackerel myself: it probably came down from a time when fish was not kept so fresh as it is kept nowadays and stale mackerel was supposed to be a cause of food poisoning. But against the halibut we had no prejudice except on the ground that he was not salmon.

The most interesting facts that force themselves on our attention however, are the facts about human nature to-day, and the way in which men and women respond to the extraordinary circumstances in which we live. Recently a German bomber flew over the village in which I was staying and dropped a number of incendiary bombs at the unreasonable hour of seven o'clock in the morning. Those who were indoors with their windows open saw the light reflected on their walls: those who were outside saw the bombs falling. "It was a pretty sight, they say," a woman said to me later in the morning; and she added regretfully: "I jumped out of bed as quick as I could but I was too late for it." Another night after a bombing I went out on to the road during a lull and asked a countryman what he thought the German thought he was after. "Ah," he said, in a sympathetic tone, "I expect he's a young fellow who didn't like to face the London barrage and dropped his bombs anywhere so as to be able to get home."

When I hear people talking in these days with such calm, such curiosity and such absence of malice, I sometimes feel that I have lived my past life in even greater ignorance of human nature than of weather-lore. And that, as I have done my best to make clear, says a lot.

Y. Y.

THE INTERNED REFUGEE

And I was left here in the darkened house
Listening for the fat click of the softly-shut door,
Looking for the oiled glint and ghost of light
Sliding soundlessly along the wall toward me,
Knowing that round me They were mobilising
Their cold implacable forces slowly.

I shouted and none answered; one by one
My listening hopes crept back to me
Out of that dead place: mine was a lighted face
Looking into darkness, seen, but seeing nothing.

W. R. Rodgers

STATE CAPITALISM—THE COMING MONEY REVOLUTION

IT was my own fault. I attempted to give an outline of an economic revolution in a few thousand words and left behind as many perplexities as new ideas. I cannot therefore complain if some Tory-minded critics are convinced that I am a Communist with a Russian beard or if some old Fabians suspect me of wearing Fascist black or if some imbeciles dismiss me as a reactionary. To prove that I am none of these things but an *economic* revolutionary, armed only with a pen, I will try to explain how my scheme of State Capitalism restores freedom to the economic man and in particular how it liberates him from the cursed power of debt, money and the levy of interest. Previously I had described only the working of the new economic machinery, but it is more important, I agree, to show how the individual economic man can master the machine.

If we do not plan and organise our economic revolution in these years of war—it needs a permanent committee to work out a draft—we may be engulfed in a blind mass revolutionary movement in the chaos of the first slump which overtakes the post-war boom. This is my reply to the timid cave-men of the London clubs who would suppress any revolutionary thought to-day on the grounds that it weakens our war concentration. When I contemplate the appalling prospect of our economic post-war world I suspect that we revolutionaries of to-day will be the conservatives of to-morrow. Do these troglodytes realise that the national debt, which before the war exceeded £8,000 millions, is increasing at the rate of £2,000 millions a year and in a four years' war will be left doubled at £16,000 millions? This represents in interest charges a levy of nearly £500 millions a year on the productive capacity of the nation, a tribute which we may be called upon to pay in perpetuity to the privileged few—the wealthy rentiers and the soulless corporations—who have invested their capital in Government bonds.

The official Labour Party has no solution to offer of this terrifying debt problem. Indeed, they would make it worse. They would nationalise a large number of industries and augment the national debt by issuing Government bonds to the dispossessed stockholders. They are, of course, conscious of the social objections to an increase in the rentier class, but they argue first, that it is better to have a large number of petty rentiers than a small number of big rentiers; secondly, that they will issue Government bonds with heavy sinking funds or terminable annuities, thirdly, that they will tax the rentier classes to pay for their own amortisation. This argument reveals the hopeless muddle of the Labour Party politicians. They dare not support their own socialistic extremists who are logical enough to demand confiscation, who rightly claim that the Labour Party should be a socialist party pledged to destroy the political and economic power of the possessors of property. Being dominated by their Trade Union bosses, who merely want higher wages, shorter hours, the closed shop and a seat on the board, the Labour Party executive is compelled to avoid any straightforward, confiscatory measure which may cause a panic among capitalists in the free industries, induce a general strike of money and cause a hold-up in the Government loan market. So they propose to hand back to the dispossessed their property in full, and pray to God that the rentiers will not panic at being asked to pay more in taxes to provide for their own amortisation. No, the Labour Party and their Trade Unionist lords have no solution of the national debt problem because they dare not think logically, because they are terrified of a new order.

The Tory Party would, of course, meet the bill by a gradual and persistent inflation of prices. In other words, they would lessen the real burden of the national debt by reducing the commodity value of the money in which it is payable. This is an equally dishonest policy because while it does reduce the toll, in terms of productive effort, which the workers have to pay to the rentiers, it reduces also the real value of wages. There is always a lag between the rise in wages and the rise in prices in any inflationary period. But it is the orthodox policy for the Tory Party, for their bosses are the great employers of labour whose profits rise faster than wages during a gradual inflation of prices. The only difficulty about this ideal policy for the business-man is that no politician ever knows how to control or manage an inflation. If the movement in prices gets out of hand, if profits rise too quickly, the entrepreneur and the financiers become too greedy and over-expand their production plans. The final result is a fall in prices which ends, as a rule, in an economic crash. But let us make no mistake about it. If the official Labour Party does not assume the powers of Government, the inflation policy will be tried out by a "national," business-man Government after the war. Economic power will be further concentrated in the hands of the great industrial combines and working men will be further reduced to the status of factory villeins in a feudalised industrial system. So we shall be confronted after the war with economic chaos, muddle and collapse on the one hand if the national vote goes to the Labour Party, or with an industrial serfdom alternating between boom and slump if the balance of power swings to the Conservatives.

There are only two straightforward effective ways of dealing with this monstrous burden of the national debt. The first is by repudiation or confiscation, which is alien to our traditions and ideals. The second is by vesting the ownership of all capital in the State and making every holder of capital a lease-holder or life-tenant, which is my scheme of State Capitalism. I proceed from this simple declaration of rights—that the title to all capital is derived from the State and must revert back to the State. Death must extinguish all personal claim to it. The individual use of savings will, therefore, be restricted to a life-tenancy on terms which the State lays down. As each individual holder of Government debt dies, his holding dies with him: it is handed back to the Treasury and is cancelled. In other words, the holder of Government stock becomes, in effect, a life annuitant—entitled to receive the interest only for life, or, let us say, a joint life in the case of husband and wife.* So the national debt is gradually extinguished—in the lifetime of a generation. Actually it would be extinguished rather more rapidly under my scheme of State Capitalism, for I propose a capital levy of 100 per cent. on all fortunes in excess of £100,000. But let us first make sure that this new conception of capital, this revolution in the law of inheritance, is not alien to the British sense of equity and fair play.

Social ethics have long demanded a drastic change in the law of inheritance. The inequalities in our standards of living are too indecent to survive the purge of war. I am well aware that the war itself will do something to make the rich poorer and the poor richer. The rise in industrial wages is adding weekly to the numbers of petty rentiers, for savings are going largely into Government bonds. But this levelling will not be enough. Before the war 90 per cent. of the population were earning less than £5 per week. The rich (let us call the rich those with incomes over £2,000 a year) drew 17 per cent. of the national income, although they numbered only 0.5 per cent. of the population. The middle class (between £260 and £2,000 a year) drew about 30 per cent. of the national income and numbered only 10 per cent. of the population. A nation cannot really prosper or pretend to be highly civilised if 90 per cent. of its population draw little over half its income. It is not enough to say that this flagrant inequality of wealth derives from the ownership of property: it is actually maintained by the inheritance of property. So mild and liberal an economic expert as Mr. Geoffrey Crowther, the editor of *The Economist*, is moved to make this protest:

> We could safely allow the present inequality of salaries and we could also allow any man to draw income from the property he had himself acquired and we should still be faced with only a comparatively minor degree of inequality. What causes the continuing schism of society between rich and poor is the fact that rich men can hand on their wealth to their sons.†

The Estate Duties may seem high to a millionaire's son paying over 50 per cent. of his inheritance to the State, but they have done little or nothing to remove the gross inequalities in the distribution of wealth.

Now I do not believe that a man will work less hard or feel less ambitious because he cannot leave his accumulated savings or capital to his children. Apart from giving the blessings of home and education, which are a greater endowment than money, he can, if he wishes, bestow gifts of capital upon his children during his lifetime (within the top limit of £100,000 as the total of individual capital ever to be accumulated during life). Indeed, it is one of the advantages of my scheme of State Capitalism that it allows the strong-rooted instinct of a man to better himself and his family to act as the motive-power of the economic machine. This is the real "profit-motive" which our muddled Labour politicians believe they would like to see abolished. If a rich man's sons and daughters have not been equipped during his life to stand upon their own economic legs and make their own way, it is surely disgusting to hand them wealth after his death which they will be unworthy to hold or exploit. I would make only two exceptions to the general law of disinheritance. First, in the case of married people their accumulated savings or capital should be allowed to remain on lease over the joint lives of husband and wife, so that if the husband dies young, the widow will not feel aggrieved or impoverished.

* If the holder of Government stock is a trading corporation which cannot die, the stock will be exchanged for cash or bank credit. If the holder is an insurance company, pensions fund or savings bank with obligations to the insured, pensioners or annuitants, those obligations will be assumed by the Government and the stock cancelled by the Treasury.

† *Economics for Democrats*, by Geoffrey Crowther (Nelson).

If both husband and wife die young, the orphans will, of course, be cared for by the State Trustee Office. Secondly, the homes and gardens and furniture of the family should be passed on to the children provided a value of, say, £10,000 is not exceeded. This will surely encourage home life and a conservative outlook, and kill the last criticism that my proposal of general disinheritance is revolutionary.

This new conception that all capital belongs to the State and that a man can only accumulate savings during his lifetime (up to a limit of £100,000 for the new rich) and cannot pass them on after death except to his widow for life (apart from homes up to £10,000)—this will not only abolish the entire national debt within the lifetime of a generation: it will enable us to abolish loans and interest on loans, and liberate us from the power of money. The State will never borrow again from the private holders of accumulated savings. It will finance itself by taxation and by credits from the State Banks. The same principle will be applied to all the public utility industries which the State will be nationalising. The State will be financing these industries by bank credits. The holders of the old stocks will receive their former income for life, but there will be one important difference. The payment of these annuities will not be guaranteed by the State, but will be dependent, in the order of priorities of the old stocks, upon the earnings of the respective industries. There is no reason why the income of the dispossessed holders should be made more secure by the act of nationalisation.

When loans and interest have been abolished for all Government purposes, why should they be retained for private purposes? It will be recalled that, under my scheme, what capital the State could not efficiently or practically use and exploit itself to begin with, it would lease to private corporations or individuals to use or exploit on a royalty basis. There will be numbers of companies still left under State Capitalism to manage their adventurous enterprises on payment of a royalty to the State (in addition to taxation) and subject to the supervision of the State Planning Department. What would happen to the existing stockholders? Their old holdings would be converted to life claims to an annual income or dividend. The old division between debentures, preference shares and equity shares would be abolished. (This division has existed mainly to enable financiers and promoters to fool investors about their security, for the income from each class of stock has always depended solely upon the earning power of the business.) In future, the State-leased enterprises would pay dividends ranking in the priorities of the old stocks up to the maxima prescribed by the State Planning Department. On the death of the holders of these dividend claims the State would become possessed of their claims. Thus, the State would gradually become the owner also of all State-leased enterprises.

But new enterprises must be formed continually. I would stress the importance, first, of maintaining flexibility in the economic world, secondly, of keeping alive the spirit of private enterprise, and, thirdly, of letting the profit-motive in the shape of the individual instinct for betterment have full play. But how would new enterprises be launched? There is no difficulty about those launched directly by the State on credits supplied by the State banks without interest. It is only in the case of private enterprise which the State Planning Department or the National Investment Board had allowed, but had not fathered, that the promoters would have to appeal to the private holders of savings for support. How would they get the money? Savers would always have a certain amount of ready cash to invest. Recollect that the national income before the war was approaching £5,000 millions a year of which £500 millions would normally be "saved" for new investment. But if some of the new savers had already locked up their savings in some other enterprise and wanted to exchange from the old to the new, they would be able to sell for a capital sum their life interest in the dividend of £x per annum to which the old enterprise entitled them. There would be an active market in these reversions. The point at issue, however, is that the subscription of these private savings would be not in the form of interest-bearing bonds or shares but of claims to an annual dividend for life dependent upon the earnings of the enterprise.

The abolition of loans and interest—how blessed it will be to rid ourselves of the pursuit of usury—involves, of course, a new money system operated by the State banks which it is impossible for me to outline in this article. Suffice it to say that credits will be issued by these banks to the value of the services and goods to be produced. The "borrower" will pay merely a fee to cover the expenses of the bank. Thus, banking will become a public service operated without profit. Money will become the hand-maid of industry, not its master. And this, I fancy, will be counted not the least among the blessings of State Capitalism.

NICHOLAS DAVENPORT

FAITH, HOPE AND . . .

By faith we darkly may divine
Through courses contradictory,
The vast, inscrutable design
That leads us on to victory.

Through hope, as we lie pinned beneath
Bellona's cornucopia,
We feel our age may still bequeath
A certified Utopia.

To fortify our mortal powers
At bay against barbarity,
Faith, hope and parity be ours!
And the greatest of these is parity.

SAGITTARIUS

ROUND THE NATIONAL GALLERY

THE John drawings flower into two rooms out of the *Drawings of the Last Fifty Years* exhibition at the National Gallery, like orchids on the limb of a vast tropical tree. They are of them, yet separately rooted. A key is the self-portrait, No. 42; anyone who observes that faun-like face, observing back with so much more penetration than the onlooker can bring to it, is carried off to the passages in the Rothenstein memoirs which describe the prodigious appearance of the youthful John, outpainting the old painters, outloving the young lovers, outboxing the boxers, in London and Dieppe. The exhibition is not chronological, and one gets little impression of the development of John's talent. The best belongs to all his ages. One can only hop about among these beautiful drawings, in some of which the line leaps for its own sake, in others of which thought or sensuality or comedy dominate. Here are some impressions. Lovely women, *Standing Nude*, No. 3, too good, no comment, *Nude Standing*, No. 12, more sensual, *Euphemia*, 34, lovely intelligent face; *Alice Rothenstein*, 45, period beauty, good talker, looks like a Virginia Woolf heroine; the *Dorelia* series, half a dozen drawings which seem more reflective than the others, as if the artist were gravely trying to solve a puzzle to which her striking looks were not the solution (No. 50, etc.); *Nude Study*, 86; *The Panama Hat*, *Alick* (intellect again); even more lovely children, bounding into life (63, 105, 108). The two combined in the extraordinary *House of the Lion Tamer* (82) in which the spangled *Dompteuse* slouches in her biblical doorway, drowsy after her display of magnetism, and an old crone and two heavenly renaissance children play beside her. This leads one on to the compositions, 112, *Les Cabotins*, doll-like figures; the female in a lovely red, or 97, *Three figures in a landscape*, which exudes a period wistfulness, like some incident in the diaries of George Moore; the latest of these compositions is 70, *Idyll*, dated 1940. In *Holy Families* (67, etc.), it is painful to admit that the artist's conception of the Virgin is flavoured by his own personality. Even St. John is somewhat rakish. The male portraits are less interesting, except the mischievous James Joyce (65) and the T. E. Lawrences. This is an exhibition worth returning to, because it is good to be reminded in this age of painting exhibitions of how important drawing can be. Some of these Johns are academic; some like the Irish studies, or the Canadian soldiers, slightly date. But most of them, these nudes, these old men and old ladies, these mothers and children, these beautiful women, these groups under the trees, represent a marriage between the artist and his subject, between his free bold unforced technique and his everlasting natural pagan sources, which link up the drawings of the old masters to the present.

A visit to the John exhibition can be combined with a look at the *Drawings of the Last Fifty Years* and the second edition of the *War Artists*, also in the National Gallery. Anyone would agree that the Canadian drawings from the last war were the least interesting of the Johns—will that be said of the pictures which Graham Sutherland, Ardizzone, Bawden and others have made in this one? Probably. The problem of the war artist seems to be how to go on painting his fruitful peacetime subjects, and get away with it. Ardizzone is sufficiently a satirist to find any human activity provide material. Others, less fortunate, have to use bomb flares for sunsets, tanks for cows, khaki blobs of men or dingy lorries for patches of shadow; they can then paint the landscapes they are used to. The Kenningtons, Rothensteins, Bones and so forth get on with their job of work, no less, no more. Sutherland, in his studies of demolition has found a way of digesting the war into his own idiom, his great oblong coffin-shaped picture, with the central radiations of spokes and flame from the falling building might come out of his forest-myths of colour,

timber, and decay. Bawden also is able to fit the war into the compositions which appeal to him, so can John Nash, and Antony Gross, who brings to his country route-marches a recollection of Dufy. But to go back to John, or to glance on the way at the portrait of a girl by James Pryde, is to be reminded of how much more important is the work of artists when they paint what they want, not what they are told to. The John drawings are the work of a lifetime, they have no politics, neither have they, in the present sense of the word, any aesthetics. They remind one that preoccupation with theories of art can be misleading both to artist and critic. Art criticism is always in danger of becoming a closed profession, it is always building up theories and vocabularies which exclude the layman, whom the artist himself is hoping to welcome. While I do art criticism for this paper I should like to make it clear that I know much less about art than preceding critics, but I don't know what I like. I would rather be wrong than be afraid to be wrong. I would rather build up a theory from the pictures I see, than squeeze the pictures into a theory. I like Graham Sutherland, but I like Coldstream too, and I do not think Duncan Grant is Gainsborough, nor Ardizzone Rowlandson, nor will war-art make them so. CYRIL CONNOLLY

THE BLESSED BISHOP'S BOOK

ONE hundred and thirty-six years ago, a clergyman called John Jebb, who was afterwards Bishop of Limerick, Ardfert, and Aghadse, bought a note-book. He paid nine and ninepence for it to William Watson and Son, Booksellers, 7 Capel Street, Dublin, which was not dear, for it contains six quires folio of paper. And what paper! paper manly yet seductive, paper which persuades the lagging and corrects the errant pen, sustains the heavy ink, retains the light, tempts even the twentieth century into calligraphy. In its depths there are two watermarks: one of Britannia, seated in a shield beneath a crown, the other of the date 1799 beneath intertwined initials. The reference must be to the women of England and Ireland, and when the Bishop bought the book he must have felt that that little problem at all events was solved. The book is bound in boards, and strong quarter-calf, but the leather recently cracked, like much else in my time, and one of the covers is now loose. This would distress me, if there was anyone to whom I could hand on the book, as it has been handed down to me. But there is no one, and even if I were a clergyman with grandchildren there would be no one. Bequests are coming to their natural end, traditions are retiring to that insecure fortress, the museum. There just isn't time for the personal memory-sogged past, and there just isn't room for it either. If after my death—which interests me less than his interested the Bishop—the book should survive, the important thing in it will be the blank pages. Still delightful to write on, they may profit posterity.

The name of the Bishop of Limerick has resounded greatly in my family, but rather megaphonically, like the name of a station shouted out by too energetic a porter. One was so near it that one could not hear it. The bishop, the bishop, the blessed bishop, the bishop's concern, the bishop's regret, his just displeasure, his condescension, his escape from drowning at Rostrevor, his paralysis alleviated at Leamington, all boomed against each other and echoed internally. And when one got outside the family vault there was an even greater obstacle: universal silence. No one had so much as heard of the Blessed Bishop. Scholars would verify him, ecclesiastics recall him after anxious thought, but he seemed quite lost to general fame. Like a train which has been despatched in a particular direction, he would be located in that direction and that only. That direction now seems to be me. I have inherited his book. Opening it I read the initial entry. "Begun this common-place book at Cashel Wednesday Novem^{er} 11, 1804"—in red ink. Signed "John Jebb" in black ink. And pencilled "Afterwards Bishop of Limerick" by my grandfather.

That was just about the time those two Christians got to know one another. They were both young, strange as it seems—Jebb not thirty. Never averse to the great, he was hanging around the Archbishop of Cashel, and, never idle, he was composing a sermon for the Dublin Magdalen Asylum. But he put all aside when my grandfather, who was a student at Trinity, Dublin, called, and he spoke to him of the superiority of Euripides over Sophocles, of Spenser, Shakespeare, Milton, Dryden, Pope; all through the night. A friendship began, which only ended with his death, thirty years later. When he became bishop my grandfather became his chaplain, courier and trumpeter. When my grandfather wanted to marry, it was the bishop who conducted negotiations for him, just as it was the bride's sisters who conducted them for her. Notes flew between the ponderous parties and have been preserved: the milieu by this time is Clapham and the Clapham sect. After enormous fuss and copious admonition, the marriage was approved. It was a happy one, and the bride had the additional joy of living under the bishop's roof and nursing him when he ailed. In his will he left them his silver shoe-buckles. So it is alleged. As a matter of fact, they got a little more, this book and others, for instance, but not much more, and no money. That made no difference to their devotion. My grandmother, who was the daughter of a banker, may have had her private thoughts, but she did not voice them, and my grandfather, who was absolutely unworldly and who became increasingly provincial, went on from height to height. He wrote his hero's life, he edited his sermons, he published his letters, he called his own first born after him, and so strong was the force of his will that when he died in his turn, the echoing name persisted for a while, and the bishop, the bishop, the blessed bishop could be heard even in the present century by those who held their ear to the ground.

The first two pages of the commonplace book are ruled for an index: a beautiful piece of work. Each letter of the alphabet has a section, and each section is subdivided into five, one for each vowel. When the bishop entered a thought, he underlines the first word in it, and referred appropriately in the index to its page. Thus Pa in the index has reference to pages 6 and 12, where "Pastoral Care" and "Parnel's beautiful Hymn to Contentment" are discussed. Po 14 directs us to the Poor in Spirit. The index is beautiful rather than effective, and in continuing the book I have disdained it. For one thing, why should Po 14 remind us of the Poor in Spirit? And for another, the bishop has made no provision for thoughts which begin with a diphthong. Perhaps he encountered these difficulties, for he did not write in the book much, and has only filled up eighteen of its pages. His unworthy successor (as I must tediously term myself) has filled over a hundred pages, so perhaps it is my book. But two hundred pages remain virgin, so it is really nobody's. I know what my grandfather would think of my sacrilegious temerity. The sacred volume has passed unsullied from Cashel to Limerick, to Clapham, to quiet rectories in Kent and Essex, and here I am scribbling notes about Marx in it, or copying extracts from Madame de Sévigné. I don't know what the bishop himself would think: he is too far away, indeed I cannot imagine him taking any notice. The spiders' threads one throws backwards into the past seldom stick. As a rule, they encounter complete non-recognition, and return to one.

What do I think of him? Well, we didn't do very well out of him, did we? Well, he had a beautiful handwriting, anyhow, when he took trouble, small and crystalline; some of his notes at the time of his chaplain's marriage are marvellous—one can scarcely see the piety for the penmanship. And when he hurt his right hand he learnt to write almost as beautifully with his left. Also there is a portrait of him which I find sympathetic It is a sketch by the elder George Richmond, and shows his head sagging forward over a desk upon some papers: the forehead is large, the mouth and chin are planed away by foreshortening. But this is not much to go on, and eulogies add nothing. He was of good family and clever, a scholar and a gentleman, he was efficient at church business, he kept in touch with influential patrons in Dublin and London. If there is anything Irish in him, or of Ireland, it does not appear. Attended by his faithful satellite, he moves complacently through tragic skies.

But it is amusing to see how the book progresses. While not keeping up the index, I have followed the bishop in underlining the first word of every entry, and in ruling a line, clumsily of course, to the left of every page. His spirit also saves me from scandal: we both tend to be non-intimate on the subjects of letters and life, and to saddle Seneca or Ibsen with anything which we do not quite want to say. It would do his reputation no harm if the whole collection was published, and mine no good. His last five entries are: Human Life, Platonists and Stoicks (which he cannot index), Miracles, Philosophy, Miracles. My first five entries are: Commonplaces, Isolation, Resentment, Change of Plan, Moll Flanders. I will conclude by transcribing his entry: "Journal or Diary":

> The utility of keeping one has been dwelt on by many persons remarkable for great attainments and piety. Dr. Johnson said that a full and unreserved one would be a very good exercise, and would yield great satisfaction when the particulars were faded from remembrance. He began one himself twelve or fourteen times, but never could persevere. The great thing to be recorded, he said, is the state of one's own mind; and you should write down everything you remember; for you cannot judge at first what is bad or good; and write immediately while the impression is fresh, for it will not be the same a week afterwards. Pleasant for a man to review his own mind.
>
> I should wish at no very distant date to begin a Journal. The great danger

will be that I may be tempted to deal disingenuously with myself in it. If I could write an *honest* report of my own mind it would under God's blessing do me good. I date this, that if I feel indisposed to put my present resolution in hand I may be shamed into it. Janry 25, 1806. J. J.

A Journal was duly started, but it has perished already.

E. M. FORSTER

THIS ENTERTAINMENT PROBLEM

EVERYTHING nowadays becomes a Problem, from the cradle and the kindergarten to the avoidance of old age—by thrift and pills. Even entertainment is a Problem. That is because entertainment has come up in the world and joined the ranks of national necessities. Last winter we gathered that war was unthinkable without the presence of Miss Gracie Fields and, since that great and genial star has left us under a somewhat unreasonable cloud, there are others to take her place as the Consoling Genius of Britain. Now the males are the more favoured. For factory lunch-hours there is nothing like Formby with the fish-and-chips; for the citizens' and soldiers', as for the cottars', Saturday Night first Mr. Askey and then Private Warner were deemed indispensable.

Other wars have managed to rumble their way to victory without benefit of pierrot-parties. The winning of Waterloo has been attributed to some odd playing-fields, but never, I think, to the stage of Drury Lane Theatre. Fighting has always included long, dull vigils. The guardians of the Roman Wall may have eased the weariness of their Northumbrian winters with a home-made song, but a troop of professional comedians was not an inevitable unit of the Roman Expeditionary Force: Wellington sent for foxhounds, not for Mr. Kemble or Mr. Munden to make life tolerable in Spain. But we have altered all that. It is now accepted doctrine (no doubt, justly accepted) that life in modern warfare, whether in shelter, factory, or trench, can only be sustained with liberal doses of music or, more commonly, of music-hall.

The reasons for this are obvious. War has become altogether nastier, harder to escape, and more general in its range. What was once for the British a minor evil, conducted by small teams of tough professionals in places either suitably remote like Spain or the Crimea, or in such customary cockpits as Belgium, is now a major and ubiquitous pestilence from which no trade and no home are safe. The millions need their consolation and the artists and entertainers need a job. Entertainment has become an industry. In September, 1939, the whole of that industry was subjected to a total lock-out (with the exception of those engaged by the B.B.C.) and the recovery from that blow has been partial and much affected by accidents of geography. Last week in London only twenty-six members of Equity, the Actors' and Choristers' Trade Union, were being employed in London, where fifty times that number would normally be working. Napoleon never closed Covent Garden and "The Lane"; Hindenburg, so far from ruining Shaftesbury Avenue, actually made several theatrical fortunes: but Hitler and Göring, having closed nineteen-twentieths of the capital's entertainment, have made it imperative for the profession to prove itself a corps of national importance. There was now the strongest possible motive for demonstrating the impossibility of manning the Fortress, making munitions, or inhabiting a shelter without the aid of the arts—or at least of the accordion.

> Hang out our banners on the outward wall;
> The cry is still, 'They come.'

That was the old, romantic response. Now Britain, more humbly, hung out the washing on the Siegfried Line, a vocal effort which became somewhat futile after the fall of France: but we can still roll out the barrel.

So it happened that the kind of thing which was done in a small way in the last war by Miss Lena Ashwell, with her troubadours and camp-following Shakespeareans, and by the amateur talent of divisional concert parties was organised at the very outbreak of war on a large professional scale. Drury Lane Theatre became the G.H.Q. of a really vast traffic in entertainments of all kinds. ENSA (Entertainments' National Service Association) nourished by the canteen profits of NAAFI (Navy, Army, and Air Force Institutes) began to assemble talent of every kind and disperse it at home and abroad in play-companies, concert parties, and cinema units. Meanwhile the need of the civilians and of the artists of a more serious kind was not altogether overlooked.

Various well-intentioned groups and societies endeavoured to tackle the problem of doing something for that free culture and civilisation which, we were informed, were the issue of the day. There was the Central Institute of Art and Design, the Art and Entertainment Emergency Council, and an Oxford Arts Bureau. One of the most fruitful moves was a grant by the Pilgrim Trustees of £25,000 for the double purpose of keeping the arts (and artists) alive and of heartening the people, especially those living in areas where the amenities are most scarce. The nature of the gift, and the way in which it was administered, so impressed the Treasury, not generally supposed to be a nest of impressionable gulls, that the Government added pound for pound up to a maximum of £50,000 on either side. So far only the first £25,000 on each side has been put up and allotted. The participation of the Government meant the creation of a new administrative body. This was called, rather heavily, the Council for the Encouragement of Music and the Arts, for which C.E.M.A. has become a suitable brevity in this age of ubiquitous initials. Lord Macmillan, Chairman of the Pilgrim Trust, presided and the staff (in part) and the offices were provided by the Board of Education.

This link of Entertainment with the Education service may be of very great importance in the future, when the destiny of C.E.M.A. is decided. The Pilgrim Trust, following its plan of "salvaging" anything from the victims of a derelict area to the menaced timbers of a cathedral roof, had very properly turned its protective hand to the arts: but the Trust may later on decide that what it has rescued someone else must eventually sustain. Amid the wild whirling of economy's axe, which is bound to follow the costliest of all wars, the idea of a Ministry of Fine Arts, of which C.E.M.A. is a miniature expression, will almost certainly be hacked about and hewn down. (The Philistine wins every war in the end.) But the notion of a cultural adjunct to the national Education Service may survive. After all, what can be more ridiculous than to cram children, as we do, with facts and theories about the glories of drama and music and then turn them out into towns whence these things have vanished altogether? We talk much of physical "aftercare." Education needs it just as much for things of the mind.

The immediate services of C.E.M.A. were, as was said, to preserve the life of the arts and to provide for the civilian the recreation and encouragement which E.N.S.A. was providing for the troops. These two bodies, plus the B.B.C., may be said to have represented policy, in so far as there was any departmental planning, and more will be said of them in a future article. Meanwhile there was the ordinary commercial supply, struggling to meet the extraordinary conditions which an extraordinary war imposed. The fate of cinemas and theatres, as of hotels, was soon determined almost entirely by geographical accident. To be on the East or South-East Coast, or, later on, in the capital, was ruin. To be in the West and North was probably to do unparalleled business. Most Europeans have always instinctively looked to the West for islands of gold and magic treasure. The Hesperidean fantasy was never more surely translated into fact than by the fortunes of war in 1940.

In the lesser ranks of the industry there was a mild, but much-publicised, outbreak of strip-teasery. Higher up there was a scramble for the good provincial bookings and what the provinces wanted was "names." By "names" it meant, mainly, film and radio reputations. The play did not much matter. It was a vehicle for personalities. Consequently revivals and "pre-blitz" comedies circulated very profitably, provided the "names" were present and the autograph books signed at the besieged stage-door. Thus the theatre recovered at the box offices of Blackpool and other cities of the Blessed some of the bullion which it had lost to the films in previous years: but it did so at some cost to its own real welfare.

Hardly a new piece was produced, and the general policy of "giving 'em a show with names" was certainly more prudent than ambitious. (The drama had its chances, for it was a dull year in the cinema, which had to rely on its champion "comic" of the last war to provide any real escape to laughter in this one. The present dearth of film comedians is astonishing, when one considers the rewards.) But it would be absurdly priggish to blame the commercial managers (or such as are left of them) for these tactics. By starting at all they were taking considerable risks. Even a small raid on Coketown might entirely smash Coketown's show business for some weeks. The State now takes its entertainment tax as keenly as ever, but it does not guarantee to the entertainers even the elements of fair trading or compensate them for unavoidable mischance. The habitual public policy of this country is to tell children in school that drama is a noble thing and then, out of school, to tax and censor it as though it were the work of the devil. You cannot treat the theatre as a greedy mountebank at one minute and expect it to be a disinterested angel the next.

IVOR BROWN

(To be concluded)

PLAYS AND PICTURES

Arts Theatre Ballet

The new ballet on Monday, celebrating the second year of ballet at the Arts Theatre Club, was Frank Staff's *Enigma Variations*. This is one of those pieces in which the dance closely follows the music. Quite rightly, up to a point. No one would want to see a yellow curlyhead in Robin Hood dress lifted from the fluttering violins and set down in the middle of the *adagio*, or the mournful lovers swooning to breezier airs. But—in so long a creation the mood of the music is a slender thread to follow. How much more than mere translation for the eye does Mr. Frank Staff achieve with his choreography? Well, reverie has provided some successes and some bad yearnings. The decor—dolmens silhouetted against eternity's sunrise—and the longing gestures of the dancers when the music swells: these (and they take up a fair part of the performance) must be counted failures arising, one suspects, out of the word Enigma. On the other hand, there are passages of dancing which steepen the music; gaiety and sadness here and there are enhanced, whirling cloaks and limbs bring out a Brocken touch one might have missed; and there is one moment, with a dancer hesitating towards her living reflection, when imagination catches light and Frank Staff attains an enigmatic mood of his own. On the whole the balance weighs rather heavily against *Enigma Variations*, though that is not to say that it is not worth seeing. We are grateful for this chance of seeing a company of young and skilled dancers doing well at a time when all such achievements are doubly welcome.

"The Gay Mrs. Trexel," at the Empire

When Mrs. Trexel returns from the Riviera and steps out of her launch with a different welcome, graciously high-pitched, for each of the friends who have come to welcome her, we seem to be back in the era of royalties and of Higlif itself. This is partly explained by the fact that Mrs. Trexel is Joan Crawford, queen of fashions, and that at this moment she is newly *exaltée* with her discovery of Guidance. *The Gay Mrs. Trexel* is a satire on this most fashionable of religions, and, if anyone else were taking the part, it would almost be a satire on Joan Crawford, too. She has a way with her, a milky way, now that she's in touch with infinities. No wonder her husband (Fredric March) looks grim, and turns to drink, and to his frumpy school-girl daughter. So long as Joan Crawford is fascinating and repelling with her narcissistic trances, her "quiet times" and deeply malicious acts of kindness (one is reminded of a cobra posed to the flageolet) *The Gay Mrs. Trexel* remains gay. It isn't often that Hollywood embarks on a set piece of satire. But Mrs. Trexel is woken out of her trance, love replaces self-love, humility reasserts older values, and the film melts away in tears and reconciliations. Hubby takes his seat on the water-waggon. Ugly daughter grows lovely. Joan Crawford, with a deeper lidded smile, remains fantastically well-rigged.

THE COMING WEEK

SATURDAY, December 7th—
Sale of Soviet Toys, Linens, Handicrafts, 98 Gower Street, W.C.1. Till December 18th.

SUNDAY, December 8th—
C. E. M. Joad: "Civilisation—What It Means," Conway Hall, 11.
Free German League of Culture Anglo-German Performance of Music, Recitations and Ballet in aid of victims of air warfare in Hampstead, 36A Upper Park Road, N.W.3. 2.15.

MONDAY, December 9th—
Fabian International Affairs Group Snack Lunch, F. L. McDougall: "Agriculture and World Order," 12 Gt. Newport St., W.C. 2, 1.

TUESDAY, December 10th—
Basil Gray: "Mughal Painting as an Introduction to Indian Art," Warburg Inst., 2.30.
Philip Guedalla: "The New World and Its History," Royal Institution, 2.30.

WEDNESDAY, December 11th—
The New Commonwealth Society Luncheon. Wickham Steed: "New Order or New Commonwealth," Royal Hotel, Woburn Place, 1. Tickets, 3s., from Horseferry House, Horseferry Road, S.W.1.
Edward Stirling et Margaret Vaughan: "Une Heure de Théâtre," Institut Français, 3.

THURSDAY, December 12th—
Dr. E. Harris: "Francisco de Zurbaran; Naturalism and Classicism," Courtauld Inst. of Art, 1.15.

Correspondence

ECONOMIC SETTLEMENT

SIR,—Mr. Jay's thoughtful article in a recent issue of your paper was rather violently attacked by Mr. Oscar Hobson in the *News Chronicle*. Mr. Hobson cannot see how, in any true sense, a tax on property can pay for the war. He thinks that even to mention a "settlement" between capital and labour, to try to establish real national unity in deed rather than in oratorical exercises is "playing party politics." Finally he maintains that as property taxes cannot be paid out of income (they can, of course, if the rate of the tax is low enough), it cannot contribute to the immediate purpose of fulfilling war needs.

All these arguments have been discussed *ad nauseam* during and after the last war, prior to the present hostilities and since their commencement. I cannot refrain, however, from taking the issue up once more, as views similar to Mr. Hobson were given publicity in the *Times*. I know full well that nothing I say will in any way alter the preconceptions and prejudices on the other side. To asseverate that a tax on capital is of no use, seems economics to them. To maintain the opposite, is only politics, and dirty party politics at that.

Let us investigate the charges one by one. Disunity does not come from discussing the inequality in sacrifice which has, hitherto, been a feature of our war-economics. The abundance of luxuries, when bombed people have to a large extent still to rely on charity, the shocking inequality of treatment meted out in billeting, is making for discontent and disunity. When prices are rising and rations are imposed only upon the poor by their inability to buy, when wage increases are opposed as "inflationary" but prices (and railroad rates) are permitted to rise with prime costs in certain instances irrespective of total costs, when the rich are encouraged and appealed to to lighten their tax burden by shifting their assets into tax-exempt savings instruments, one is perhaps permitted to query whether "real national unity" has been established.

Neither equality of sacrifice nor an efficient cutting of civilian consumption can be achieved by taxation of whatever shape or form. It is not possible because the rich can always live on their capital. Taxation could only be effective if all capital assets were blocked. This, under present circumstances, is not possible and would be repudiated most bitterly by Mr. Hobson and his friends. In order moreover to "free" certain specific factors of production for war purposes—and the state needs not "money" but *specific* factors of production—far greater sacrifice would have to be exacted than necessary and thereby contractual obligations imperilled and many people "set free," i.e., ruined, who cannot be used for war purposes. Peoples' preferences do not vary inversely with the needs of the State. Hence taxation in order to free specific productive factors would have to take away income which would be used for quite harmless purposes in order to reduce consumption on essentials. A senseless procedure. The continuity and expansion of the war effort can only be secured by rationing—rationing either of expenditure globally or of those goods which the State needs for war purposes.

Once this is done the financial problem vanishes. If you cannot spend you must save. But the deficit means the accumulation of capital, i.e., claims on the future real earning power of the community at a moment when that real earning power is decreasing. As long as the controls needed in war are maintained that is of little importance. But the existence of such money claims renders decontrol without inflation impossible. Hence the volume of "money" capital in the hands of the community must be reduced. What is better for that purpose than a tax on property? Income tax reduces the spirit of venture. A property tax increases it. It should have formed part of our peace taxation technique. It *must* be part of our post-war system if we are not to cripple individualism completely. Mr. Hobson would do well to reflect that the very tax he abominates may render the survival of some controlled form of private capitalism possible. Without it the increased burden of the National Debt—and we must not disregard the necessity of its continued large increase in the post-war reconstruction period—in a system not maintained by public investment will crush enterprise and crush individualism.

But, of course, the German "Liberal" Deflationists put Hitler into power, the American "Liberal" Banking Deflationists defeated their own pet choice Hoover. There is nothing which economic prejudice does not seem to be willing to permit to gratify itself.

T. BALOGH

PREVENTIVE INOCULATION

SIR,—The freedom of the shelter population hitherto from serious disease is like a sign from heaven, considering the conditions. Probably few of us laymen grasp fully even yet the scale of the danger we have been incurring, for we have in this country been mercifully free from any experience of the danger of epidemics in what may be called "refugee" conditions. This robust unawareness may have contributed to the immunity, but we should not tempt the gods too far, and a poster based on your Medical Correspondent's recent most cogent plea for widespread inoculation might well be displayed in every shelter. In such conditions as still prevail in the towns, disease can come like a thief in the night, passed on by people who (sort of human time-bombs) do not yet know they have it themselves, or who may be merely "carriers," themselves immune. And once the disease gets a hold it may be subject to what is called the "exaltation of the virulence," by which it increases in intensity in proportion as it spreads from any one source—yet another argument against overcrowding.

The professional reticence of the doctors, coupled with our immunity from "refugee" conditions, has prevented the growth of an active public opinion on this point, or even English local government would have been galvanised into quicker and more effective action. I have felt impelled to write because I happen to have had the privilege of being initiated into some of these mysteries when it fell to my lot to be in hourly touch with the medical staff during the critical first weeks of the Basque Children's Camp at North Stoneham in 1937, the principal, if not the only, experience in recent years in this country which is relevant to present conditions. Two lessons are to be learnt from that experience, both encouraging. First, how very much can be accomplished by the strict carrying out of the hygiene rules, by a thorough system of examination and records, and of prompt isolation of suspected cases. We were faced with the danger of a typhoid epidemic starting among 4,000 under-nourished children from a war zone, and in the end we only had four cases, two more having been isolated before they reached the camp. This triumph of preventive medicine—for it was not less—was the result of the masterly and courageous policy adopted by the Chief Medical Officer, Dr. Richard Taylor, in the face of the neutrality or opposition of all the authorities. For he decided to inoculate *in the presence of the disease*, a dilemma with which we are not yet faced to-day. That this policy was completely successful is the second lesson of the camp, of which it has indeed become the *locus classicus*. We may yet need to remember this. (Those technically interested should see the *British Medical Journal* for October, 1937, and *The Lancet* of January 22nd and 29th, 1938.)

There will probably be no need to make inoculation compulsory (and there are obvious objections to doing so) provided the recommendation of the Horder Committee, that "every encouragement and facility be given to the local authorities to popularise inoculation," is taken seriously. This referred mainly to diphtheria. Wardens, at least, might well be given in addition the same vaccine that the Basques had, which was for typhoid, paratyphoid A and B, and tetanus. It is taken in two doses, a week apart, and it can in practice be given about as quickly as most shelter queues are likely to be marshalled—at least 600 a day per doctor, assisted by a nurse. (It took two doctors three days to give

the whole Basque Camp each dose, and they had time for other duties as well.)

A first-class publicity campaign should be launched, by poster and advertisement in the press and, above all, another taste of Lord Horder's "Nelson touch."

In three weeks from now every shelter inhabitant, who is medically fit for it and has not got some conscientious objection, ought to have been inoculated. ALAN COLLINGRIDGE

The Grange, Neasden, N.W.10.

WAR AIMS

SIR,—In your last issue you urge the necessity for a clear definition of war aims in order to stimulate the will to resistance "in countries which, dominated by Hitler, will only be encouraged to resistance if they see a hopeful alternative."

I know that in taking this view you have a large and influential school of thought at your side. But as a national of one of the occupied States referred to, I should like to point out that the psychological assumptions on which this belief in the propaganda value of clearly defined war aims is based do not appear to correspond with the facts. To say that countries like Holland, for instance, will only be encouraged to resistance if they are provided with a hopeful alternative is to completely misread the true temper of its people. It should, after all, be obvious to a liberty loving nation like the British that the Dutch no more than any other proud and independent people with age old traditions of political freedom need the promise of a golden future or a new order to encourage their resistance. This resistance is already a fact and will naturally remain so as long as the profound yearning for freedom and independence out of which it is born remains unsatisfied. What is likely to encourage and maintain this natural resistance is not promises and words but the spectacle of successful action against the common enemy. In countries like Holland there is more rejoicing over one well-aimed bomb than over a thousand wordy pamphlets. In their agony these countries feel no inclination towards new orders of any kind. They desire only one thing: return of the old order, that is, of freedom and independence; in short, they want their British Allies, in whom they have put all their hope, to win the war and win it quickly. J. H. HUIZINGA,

Stratton House, Piccadilly. Netherland Government Press Service.

VENEREAL DISEASE

SIR,—Your letter of November 30th, from the Secretary for the Association of Moral and Social Hygiene, contains a sentence which can well mislead the general reader, and which should, in the public interest, be clarified.

Her statement runs: "There is no reliable evidence . . . that the recognised brothel . . . plus the provision of disinfectants for use by the men is of the slightest value in reducing the ratio of venereal disease." The sentence as it stands might certainly induce lay readers to believe that personal disinfection against venereal disease is valueless. Nothing could, of course, be further from the truth.

It is irrelevant to discuss here whether recognised brothels, with or without the proffer of disinfectant materials, would reduce the incidence of disease, for there is no likelihood whatever of their being instituted in this country. What does matter is the presence of this *obscurantism* concerning the knowledge of personal disinfection; what its necessary measures are; and how simple and effective they prove. It is lamentable that a handful of moralists can prevent the dissemination of scientific knowledge and obstruct the alteration of the present law. In this country no chemist may advise a person who seeks information about protection against venereal disease, yet he may safely sell the few pennyworths of necessary commonplace medicament if the applicant already happens to know what to ask for! The position is as ludicrous as it is calamitous.

At the present time countless young men are separated from their women folk, and the anxieties of war may often find palliative relief in promiscuity.

Our lads in the services have sufficient to bear without the haunting fear of being carriers of venereal disease. A more open and rational approach to such matters is the least society can do to obviate much unnecessary physical and mental suffering.

National Society for the Prevention of Venereal Disease, 49 Nassington Road, N.W.3. JOAN MALLESON, Hon. Medical Secretary

AMERICAN CREDITS

SIR,—American securities held by British subjects are being sold by the Government to pay for our purchases in the United States. Why should not the enormous stocks of gold, platinum and jewels held by wholesale and retails dealers and by shopkeepers be sent over to America and sold there. They could be taken over by the Government at cost price, plus (say) 5 per cent., and paid for in 3 per cent. bonds. It is impossible to state their value, even approximately, but a master jeweller of many years experience, a Government appraiser, assures me it cannot be less than £200,000,000 and may possibly be £400,000,000, expecially if silver plate were also included; i.e., not far short of the voluntary savings collected by Sir Robert Kinderley's organisation in the last year. Luxury sales would thus be further curtailed.

It would be necessary in each town or district to have one or more shops for the sale and repair of clocks and watches and for valuations for death duties; the managers would be paid a fixed salary "for the duration" and any profits over this would go to the Government.

One result would be the release for urgent war work of great importance of some thousands of expert craftsmen, whose great skill and technical knowledge would be available for the making of the many delicate instruments of precision demanded by the conditions of modern warfare, whose activities are now actually detrimental to the national effort.

96 Priory Road, West Hampstead, N.W.6. DAVID FREEMAN

"ALIENS' WIVES"

SIR,—Mr. Morrison says, very properly, that the cases of aliens' wives must be considered on their merits without reference to their husbands. How does he square this with the following facts:

(1) Numbers of British-born women have been interned for no reason but that their husbands are non-refugee German citizens.

(2) No English-born woman in the C category of enemy aliens may apply for naturalisation if her husband is in the A or B categories.

(3) All applications for naturalisation made by C category Englishwomen, if not granted before the internment of the husband, are suspended until such time as the husband is found reliable and released.

(4) Thousands of Englishwomen have since the outbreak of war been forbidden to move more than five miles from their house or ride a bicycle or use a camera or stay out late in the evening: some have been brought to destitution by their husbands' internment, because their own homes were in prohibited areas: many have lost their jobs: a few have been sent to prison for the infringement of some petty restriction under the Aliens Order. Nothing was known or alleged against the great majority of these women, but the official reply to any protest is always "Well, they are married to foreigners, aren't they?" HONOR TRACY

IN GAOL

SIR,—It is with great pleasure and interest, that I take in your paper and carefully follow your fair judgment on the question of internees, which for so long has been sorely neglected.

A revision in certain London prisons, which now hold internees, is, as you advocated in last week's paper, of the utmost importance.

My husband is detained in Pentonville Prison. He is a Hungarian subject and was until his detention Air and Military Correspondent of two Continental papers: the *Gazette de Lausanne* of Switzerland and the *Magyar Nemzet* of Hungary. For what reason he is interned, my husband and I are at a loss to know. He is confined to his 6 × 10 foot cell in solitary confinement for 23 hours a day. For one hour, if he chooses to do so, he can walk round the court-yard with other aliens and "English convicts." He would like to occupy his mind, besides providing for our future, by writing books, but even this is denied him. Surely on his release, his works could be censored? He asked to be allowed to help in the library or at any office work but these requests too were turned down. He would willingly sew post-bags but having a paralysed left arm and hand, is unable to do so.

As a result he is reduced to reading as long as his eyes hold out, to playing patience and lying awake in the dark, instead of being able to enrich the world with his knowledge and gifts.

20 Hurst Road, East Molesey, Hampton Court. ALEXANDRINE LÁNCZY

REPRISALS

SIR,—Surely Mr. Arnold Hyde is mistaken in arguing that the German people have had less experience of the horrors of war than ourselves. This is (except for the occasional raids of 1914–18) our first experience of invasion for nearly a thousand years, whereas Germany like other Continental countries has been repeatedly a battlefield. The last war hit the German civilian more hardly than us. Only a few years ago a young German girl of the middle class, asked in my house what she remembered of the war, during which she was a child, replied: "Only that I was always hungry." A mother (a relative of my own) on a visit to England in 1919, broke down and wept at the sight of the bread in our shops, remembering that her children in Germany could not have enough to eat.

I have been blasted out of my office, Sir, and blasted out of my home; but it does not comfort me to know that my friends in Germany, most of whom hate Hitlerism as much as I do and have suffered more than I have for their opposition to it, may be getting from our Air Force what I have had from theirs. To the German press, Coventry was a reprisal for what we did to Munich! And so it goes. Mr. Greenwood boasts that we have done more to Hamburg.

These things are inevitable and no doubt necessary—but not for the sake of "reprisals," in Heaven's name. We have something better and greater to do than avenge our personal injuries.

Walton-on-Thames. FRED HUGHES

SIR,—I am not an "Oriental philosopher" nor an "inveterate Masochist," but merely a middle-aged Socialist who remembers the last war. Mr. Arnold Hyde's letter in your issue of November 30th illustrates one of our difficulties—namely, that there are many people, vocal and influential, who do not remember the last war, or who, remembering it, have forgotten everything it may have taught them. If there is one thing the last war taught, it is the criminal, blundering futility of personifying a nation as "militaristic" and "guilty," and thinking you can cure it of the vices fallaciously imputed to it *en masse* by indiscriminate physical savagery. The thing has been tried. We tried reprisal air raids in the last war. We tried starvation. We tried military defeat. We tried the Peace of Versailles. And what good was it? On Mr. Hyde's showing, it "merely destroyed their faith in the efficiency of that particular machine."

If there is to be any exit from the vicious circle of war, victory, punishment, recovery, and new war without end, it must come through a recognition that whatever war-guilt attaches to Governments, none attaches to peoples. Never in any country has the worker by vote or otherwise signified a desire for war. After his Government has made war, he marches; but that is not the same as wanting war. He is mainly concerned in earning a living from week to week. He is controlled in his political destinies by an exploiting class whose policy he seldom has the necessary information or leisure to check. The one hope of a new international order lies in his becoming educated by hard experience to the point of clearing out the present exploiting class, lock, stock and barrel, by revolution. You will not further that end by confounding him with his masters in one common vengeance.

Oxford. ARCHIBALD ROBERTSON

REFUGEE DOCTORS

SIR,—The right of refugee doctors to requalify with a view to practising in this country by virtue of one or two years' study undertaken at their own wish has long been superseded by Home Office regulations.

In 1938 the Home Office appointed a Medical Advisory Committee, under the Chairmanship of Sir Robert Hutchison, which body selected fifty Austrian refugee doctors to requalify here.

In 1939, when I was in charge of the Medical Department of the Central Office for Refugees and acting as secretary to the Home Office Advisory body, fifty Czechoslovakian doctors were admitted and it was laid down that no refugee doctor granted permission to qualify for the British Register—even if studying for the Scottish Triple Qualifications Board examination—was entitled to establish himself in practice in the United Kingdom until two years after the commencement of those studies.

At the present time there are still some 2,000 refugee doctors, in and out of internment, without the right to qualify for practice here.

33 Chalcot Square, N.W.1. YVONNE KAPP

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Current Literature

THE ANALYSIS OF SENTIMENT

Flaubert's *Éducation Sentimentale* is one of those rare European novels that should be read by every adult twice or thrice in a lifetime. At different periods it will appeal to him under different aspects. During youth he may be exhilarated by its pessimism, beguiled by the virtuosity of its more elaborate passages. Later, perhaps, when he has become familiar with Flaubert's method, he may be appalled by the mere thought of the minute unremitting labour that went into its composition, distressed by the aridity of certain chapters, yet moved in spite of himself by the beauty and wisdom of the completed narrative. The novel, like the opera, is essentially an imperfect form. Redundancies and even absurdities it cannot escape: but *L'Éducation Sentimentale* is as nearly a grown-up novel as anything that has yet been published—tender, contemplative, touched with poetic feeling, yet founded on a sober appreciation of the world and its values. Thank heavens, it lacks moral message or political bias. Nevertheless, there is an inference to be drawn from the story which, if not exactly comforting, is distinctly steadying. For its own sake, no experience is permanently "worth while." Failure is ignominious and success ridiculous. But at the time of enjoyment many experiences are intensely pleasurable: and in the experience, whether it is a fine day or a happy love affair, lurks an element that life may overlay but cannot quite consume, which makes the moment enjoyed a real possession, an actual conquest.

To what trouble did Flaubert go simply for the purpose of assuring us that human plans and desires are doomed to frustration, and human impulses desultory and undirected! Yet in the pains that he expended there is a distant glimmer of hope. Frédéric's life was worth living if it is worth recording. Those moments of contentment—with Madame Arnoux and, on another plane, with *La Maréchale*—those glimpses of a supreme pleasure that somehow failed to materialise, among themselves constitute a kind of harmony. Round such occasions the fabric of *L'Éducation Sentimentale* has been cunningly constructed. Long stretches of terse uncoloured narrative (corresponding to the blank stretches in any human life) make way for splendid passages of lyrical enlargement. Then sentences and paragraphs become lengthier: the style grows fuller. Gradually the exaltation dies and vanishes. But it revives again, and Frédéric is driving out to the races with his mistress at his side through the glitter of a bright Parisian morning; or, afloat on the deep calm of passion satisfied, he spends a voluptuous week in the forest of Fontainebleau—while far off sounds the roar of the insurgent city—as remote to the ears of the happy lovers as the noise in a sea-shell!

By comparison, how quick and how decisive are those sentences, usually occurring at the end of a chapter, by which Flaubert marks a new stage in his hero's progress or defines some fresh turn in his emotional evolution! Having prepared a room in which to receive the idolised Madame Arnoux (who seems on the point of succumbing but finally draws back) Frédéric spends a night there in the arms of *la Maréchale*:

> Les fleurs n'étaient pas flétries. La guipure s'étalait sur le lit. Il tira de l'armoire les petites pantoufles. Rosanette trouva ces prévenances fort délicates.
>
> Vers une heure, elle fut réveillée par des roulements lointains, et elle le vit qui sanglotait, la tête enfoncée dans l'oreiller.
>
> "Qu'as-tu donc, cher amour?"
>
> "C'est excès de bonheur," dit Frédéric. "Il y avait trop longtemps que je te désirais!"

In the work of writers whose sensibility belongs to an inferior order, prose is inclined to become more loose as it becomes more "poetic." Flaubert's sense of poetry is inseparable from his love of definition. His portraits are visualised down to the very smallest detail, the colour of silk, the angle of an arm or hand:

> Quand le quadrille fut achevé, Mme. Rosanette l'aborda. Elle haletait un peu, et son hausse-col, poli comme un miroir, se soulevait doucement sons son menton.
>
> "Et vous, monsieur," dit-elle, "vous ne dansez pas?" . . .
>
> Et, posée sur une seule hanche, l'autre genou un peu rentré, en caressant de la main gauche le pommeau de nacre de son épée, elle le considéra pendant une minute, d'un air moitié suppliant, moitié gouailleur. Enfin elle dit "Bonsoir!" fit une pirouette et disparut.

Round the sharp outlines of a portrait hovers the indefinable attribute of personality:

> Les ouvrières, presque toutes, avaient des costumes sordides. On en remarquait une, cependant, qui portait un madras et de longues boucles d'oreilles. Tout à la fois mince et potelée, elle avait de gros yeux noirs et les lèvres charnues d'une négresse. Sa poitrine abondante saillissait sous sa chemise, tenue autour de sa taille par le cordon de sa jupe; et, un coude sur l'établi, tandis que l'autre bras pendait, elle regardait vaguement, au loin dans la campagne. A côté d'elle trainaient une bouteille de vin et de la charcuterie.

The economy of Flaubert's dialogue, and his habit of relegating inessential portions to *oratio obliqua*, are in remarkable contrast to the amplitude of the effects that he produces:

> Rosanette se détourna, ayant une larme aux paupières. Frédéric l'apercut; et, pour lui marquer de l'intérêt, il se dit heureux de la voir, enfin, dans une excellente position.
>
> Elle fit un haussement d'épaules.
>
> Qui donc l'affligeait? Était-ce, par hasard, qu'on ne l'aimait pas?
>
> "Oh! moi, on m'aime toujours!"

Combined with Flaubert's gift of seizing a character is the skill with which he relates it to its social background. Modern man is the prisoner of wealth or the slave of poverty. Frédéric is corrupted by the inheritance of a small private fortune, his friend Deslauriers by the feelings of embittered covetousness with which the spectacle of Frédéric's good luck perpetually inspires him. Frédéric is himself a snob and an opportunist. And in Madame Dambreuse, the wife of the rich financier, he is drawn both to the attractive and inaccessible woman and to the representative of a social order very unlike his parents'. With its mixture of delicacy, perspicacity and sheer banality, her conversation charms him:

> Frédéric, habitué aux grimaces des bourgeoises provinciales, n'avait vu chez aucune femme une pareille aisance de manières, cette simplicité, qui est un raffinement, et où les naïfs aperçoivent l'expression d'une sympathie instantanée.

and elsewhere:

> . . . S'il lui échappait des lieux communs, c'était dans une formule tellement convenue, que sa phrase pouvait passer pour une déférence ou pour une ironie . . . Des choses très-simples, racontées par elle, semblaient des confidences . . .

On the score of literary workmanship, however, notwithstanding the immense pains with which it was constructed, serious charges can be brought against *L'Éducation Sentimentale*. It is a less continuously absorbing, though incidentally a less commonplace, book than *Madame Bovary*. Like life, it includes many barren patches; and, like most human lives, it is far too long. Not every character is realised in the same degree. Some of them—Regimbart, Cisy, Sénécal—have the graphic but two-dimensional quality of Daumier caricatures. Others—and here the feminine personages are particularly favoured—emerge in the round with all their lights and shadows. *La Maréchale* is immediately convincing at every stage of the narrative. So is Mademoiselle Vatnaz, the amorous and mischievous spinster who runs the little courtesan's errands, steals her lovers as often as she has the opportunity and plays the literary woman in the intervals of scheming and tale-bearing. Perhaps the chief weakness of the book is its central figure. Flaubert no doubt intended that Frédéric should be indecisive and amorphous. He is Youth itself—at its most selfish, sentimental and narcissistic. Edward Martin used to say of George Moore (and Moore was delighted to repeat the saying) that through his own efforts he had gradually developed from the stage of the jellyfish, year by year evolving a bony sub-structure of taste and judgment. Frédéric is a young man who remains at the jellyfish level, who feels everything, learns nothing, acquires experience without the smallest gain in dignity, and reaches disillusionment before he has arrived at resignation. Too evidently he is a means to an end adopted by the writer: too seldom does he make any separate claim on the reader's interest. He is the typical hapless *fils de famille* of the nineteenth-century novel.

From this standpoint, Frédéric's character, or lack of character, may be considered an implied criticism of the world he lived in. Nothing could have been more antipathetic to Flaubert than a political sermon. Yet, since he was a man of profound intelligence, and since every intelligent man must have a view of his century and that view, in the nature of things, be critical, the book has a political import as well as an aesthetic meaning. Flaubert's social analysis seems doubly significant in the light of the present day. More than any other novel of the nineteenth century, *L'Éducation Sentimentale* exhibits the perfervid hatred of Frenchmen for Frenchmen—exceeding even their detestation of Teuton or Anglo-Saxon—that has contributed to the disasters of the last few months. Englishmen hate one another—but surely with less concentrated venom, certainly with less wit. In 1848, the dismemberment of the French spirit was already under way. In Parisian salons the men of Vichy were already active, and there was talk of reducing France to a disciplined peasant state where stern measures would confirm the possessors in the goods they held and ward off the perils of a rebellious Red Front. ". . . *La République me paraît vieille*," murmurs Frédéric to Deslauriers. He has learned his lesson in the drawing-room of Madame Dambreuse and forgotten the momentary exaltation of that dark rainy morning when, aroused by the roll of guns, he had risen from the arms of *La Maréchale* to watch the Parisian crowd rushing to the assault of the Tuileries. Liberal aspirations have gone the way of youth; he collapses at last into dim conservatism and a dissatisfied middle-age. *L'Éducation Sentimentale* is a deeply depressing book—in so far as any work of art can be really depressing, for art implies vitality and genius, youth: and while youth and vitality persist our ills are curable. No age is too old for hope that can still observe its crow's-feet. Civilisations expire of complacency. They may flourish on world-despair.

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to shape the life and thought of the nation in modern times. Among them was the code under which each individual rendered slavish obedience to his superior so that he might in turn establish his claim to authority over those below him. In China moral excellence was the accepted criterion of fitness to rule; in Japan morality had nothing to do with the case. The code emphasised that a feudal lord should render unquestioning obedience to the will and desires of the shogun, whether the latter were right or wrong, just or unjust, and he exacted the same compliance from his own subordinates. The persistence of this blind reverence for authority helps to explain both the unity of Japan and the failure of the Japanese people to make any substantial progress towards democracy.

Much interesting light is thrown upon these and other matters by Professor Yoshi S. Kuno in the second volume of his *Japanese Expansion on the Asiatic Continent*. In the first volume, Professor Kuno, who was formerly Chairman of the Department of Foreign Languages in the University of California, deals with events up to the sixteenth century, when Hideyoshi, the so-called "Japanese Napoleon," sought to bring Korea, China and even remoter regions under his rule. The present work carries the account up to the middle of the nineteenth century, dealing particularly with the period of seclusion and its effect upon the future development of Japan as a world Power.

People have grown so accustomed to think of Japanese expansion as a product of the past century that it will surprise many to learn that so long ago as 1603 Iyeyasu, the first of the Tokugawa shoguns, made national expansion the fundamental policy of his government. Whereas his predecessor, Hideyoshi, had set out to found a great empire on the Asiatic continent by military conquest, Iyeyasu planned to make Japan one of the great commercial centres of the world. To this end he encouraged Japanese seafarers to venture so far afield as South America and Europe, and induced traders from the outside world to come to Japan. Professor Kuno points out that it was only because of ever-increasing trouble with the Catholic missionaries who accompanied the foreign traders that Iyeyasu "reluctantly turned towards a policy of national seclusion as the only guarantee for the safe existence of his government and of the nation." Other Japanese authorities have suggested that he was obsessed also by the fear that unless their wings were drastically clipped the southern trading clans might become strong enough to threaten the power of the Shogunate.

Iyeyasu appears to have been remarkably successful in building up Japan's overseas trade, for in the early part of the seventeenth century Japanese ships plied continuously between the harbours of Japan and those of India, the Malay Peninsula, Siam, Annam, Java, Sumatra, the Philippines, Cambodia, Cochin China, Formosa, Borneo and Macao. By 1633, when he suddenly changed his policy to one of rigid seclusion from foreign intercourse, Japanese trading settlements had been established at widely distributed points in Southern Asia. The largest of these was the one near Bangkok, the capital of Siam, where the Japanese settlers are said to have numbered 8,000, split up into a number of self-governing groups. Had Iyeyasu continued his policy of commercial expansion Japan might well have acquired three centuries ago, by more or less peaceful means, the *Lebensraum* which she is belatedly seeking now to acquire by force. Not only did he abandon the far-flung settlements that had been established abroad, but he practically destroyed them by prohibiting the Japanese settlers there from returning to Japan under penalty of death. Professor Kuno thinks it possible that if the normal course of events had not been diverted in this way, the Japanese might have established colonies along the coast of Siberia and extended their domain down the coast of Asia, beginning at Kamchatka in the north and running southward to the Philippines, Borneo, Java and Sumatra. There was also the possibility, he feels, that Japan might have established settlements in Lower California more than a century before the United States of America became an independent nation. "Japan had been feared in Asiatic waters," he points out, "for approximately two hundred years, beginning in the early part of the fifteenth century when Japanese pirates had ravaged and controlled the coasts of China and Korea. In fact, Japan had thus exercised control over Asiatic waters a century before modern European nations had sought to establish authority in Asia. Therefore, the rise of Japan in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries as the great power in Asiatic waters, a rise which might have been comparable to that of Great Britain in European waters, would have been an accomplished historical fact if Japan had not secluded herself in 1639."

Although it was probably not the only reason, the penetration of Christian influence into Japan unquestionably had much to do with Iyeyasu's remarkable *volte face*. By 1614 Christian converts numbered about 1,000,000—some authorities say 2,000,000—and Iyeyasu feared that the Spaniards might use them as a fifth column. He therefore promulgated a series of anti-Christian laws under which converts were subjected to increasingly brutal tortures until finally, in 1638, Christianity was practically blotted out. Professor Kuno admits that this inhuman persecution reflected upon the national honour and dignity of Japan, though perhaps it was no worse than the horrors inflicted by the Spanish Inquisition in the name of Christianity itself.

> Sometimes [he writes] the backs of Christians were slashed open with dull knives, and boiling water was poured into these openings until the victims fainted. After they had been revived, the same treatment was repeated; and so on until death brought relief. Sometimes, groups of Christians, after having been subjected to agonising torture, were driven up to the slope of a volcano, where they were thrown down the slopes of the crater and rolled slowly down to the fire below. . . .

The great value of Professor Kuno's work, apart from its technical excellence, lies in his impartiality and objectiveness—qualities which are all too rare amongst contemporary Japanese historians. The appendices, which contain translations of pertinent documents, are particularly useful.

H. J. TIMPERLEY

POETS OF TWO WARS

Rhymed Ruminations. Poems by SIEGFRIED SASSOON. *Faber.* 5s.

The Trumpet and Other Poems. By EDWARD THOMAS. *Faber.* 2s. 6d.

Both these poets are commonly thought of as "belonging to" the last war. One of them was killed in it, and the other is known chiefly for his attitude towards it as a poet or a writer of reminiscences. Yet Mr. Sassoon has written poems, some of which appear in this volume, far better than any of his war poems. He has this in common with Edward Thomas, his fellow soldier: that they are both pre-eminently poets of the countryside, sensitive, lyrical and solitary, dragged unwillingly forward into the blare of trumpets.

Edward Thomas's England was not so glamorous as the country houses, ordered gardens, and fox-hunting of Siegfried Sassoon. Indeed, there hangs over his poetry a quiet stillness of winter or midsummer, when small objects seem magnified under the lens of a clear sky:

> Over the land freckled with snow half-thawed
> The speculating rooks at their nests cawed
> And saw from elm-tops, delicate as flower of grass,
> What we below could not see, Winter pass.

His poetry, restrained and individual as it is, suffers a little from his lack of complete development before he died. It has not thrown off the influence of Robert Frost, whose disciple can be a little flat and dulling. A sense of fatigue, almost like physical weakness, affects much of his poetry. No wonder, when one considers the difficult circumstances in which he worked, first as a literary journalist, then as a soldier. This is the fatigue of youth, which consists in not having the opportunity to organise completely one's resources, rather than the exhaustion of illness or age.

At his best, Thomas has a voice which is entirely his own:

> If I should ever more admit
> Than the mere word I could not endure it
> For a day longer; this captivity
> Must somehow come to an end, else I should be
> Another man, as often now I seem,
> Or this life be only an evil dream.

That is one side of war! Such a passage is passionate, yet quiet, with a restraint that approaches the alarming and revolutionary. His poetry is characterised by strong and exact and rich observation of scenes which are both English in their nature and English in their interpretation; they remind me at times of the English water-colourists. This record of an "innocent eye" is combined with gentle emotions, but the gentleness has always that quality of "if" which conceals a threat, like the threat behind nature itself.

The English manner and the English scene also stick out of Mr. Sassoon's poetry. But although he has a clear eye, a pure ear, and a gift of creating memorable images, there is one great difference between him and Edward Thomas. Thomas is the least intrusive of shadows in his own almost unpopulated landscapes, whereas the shy, wealthy, slightly embarrassed, attractive, problematic figure of Mr. Sassoon coughs obtrusively in the centre of every one of Mr. Sassoon's poems. It must be admitted that this insistent self-portrait seems to be there very much against Mr. Sassoon's own wishes, but there he always is, telling us that he likes nothing but quietness and solitude and the best music, that he has constructed since the war, in short, a wonderful shell around himself to protect him from the world: a shell pearled with music, painting, reading, landscape, parenthood, money.

When once we have realised that the real interest of Mr. Sassoon's poetry lies in the complex egotistical personality of Mr. Sassoon himself, we are both fascinated and irritated. Fascinated, because his world, so ingeniously fashioned of a dozen protective layers, is curious and beautiful; irritated, because the thin wall, lined with a mirror, which hides his image from the world, gives his poetry a preciosity, a spinsterish quality which might yield to something far greater if it was shattered and the egotism was unashamed. As it is, still surrounded by all his spiritual and material acquisitions which he cannot throw away, his poetry is best when it is most private. Certainly it seems lamentable that the fine war poet of the last war should write in the manner of the Sunday newspapers:

> Now, multifold, let Britain's patient power
> Be proven within us for the world to see.
> None are exempt from service in this hour;
> And vanquished in ourselves we dare not be.

At his best Sassoon's poetry can achieve a warm, transparent, glowing quality, suggesting some material like amber-brown eighteenth-century paintings, Bach's music:

> Ruminant, while firelight glows on shadowy walls
> And dusk with the last leaves of autumn falls,
> I hear my garden thrush whose notes again
> Tell stillness after hours of gusty rain.

The tenderest and most immediately appealing of these poems are those about the poet's son,

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and they are all the better for being also nostalgic memories of the poet's childhood. In the last of this sequence, "Progressions," he adds up, as it were, a sum which begins with his own and his son's childhood, and which ends with his own maturity, and writes a poem more personal and less bitter than Blunden's beautiful "Report on Experience" (both these poems, incidentally, owe much to Hardy).

A recognisable peculiarity in Edward Thomas is a flatness of phrasing in lines like "And I am nearly as happy as possible." Sassoon has something corresponding to this, a skilful prosaicness bordering on satire:

> Here's his "Old Exeter"; much eyed by me
> Since (how time flits!) full fifteen years ago
> I bought it cheap and carried it home to be
> A window on my wall making me know
> Old Exeter, affectionately recorded
> In the now slow paced 'fifties.

If you want a rest from the war—with two minds which are not escapist, but which, being fully aware, have consciously shut themselves away from much that is horrible, surrounding themselves with the high walls of a garden like Marvell's, and with just such an agitated world outside—you could not do better than read these two poets of two wars.

STEPHEN SPENDER

THE PACIFIST CASE

Christian Pacifism Re-examined. By C. J. CADOUX. *Blackwell.* 12s. 6d.

The Case Against Pacifism. By JOHN LEWIS. *Allen and Unwin.* 5s.

Dr. Cadoux is the mildest and least dogmatic of pacifists. He recognises frankly the strength of the case against him and maintains his conviction only after a careful weighing of evidence. He is led in this way to admit a relative justification for some wars, and to confess his belief in the justice of the British cause in the present conflict. He also recognises that some men, even some Christians, may be compelled by conscience to take up arms; and he labours to extend to the maximum the field of co-operation between pacifists and non-pacifists in wartime. Yet this sober tolerance of argument seems oddly to weaken the pacifist case, by basing an uncompromising resistance to the social claim for military service upon a nice balance of judgment.

Dr. Lewis is more forthright in his attack. He distinguishes two types of pacifism: the absolutist and the utilitarian. Against the latter he contends that it is usually absolute pacifism in disguise, since the appeal to experience is heavily against the view that war never has good consequences, and no one would judge otherwise unless he was already convinced that war, being evil, cannot have good effects. Here he seems to be clearly right. The belief that pacifism is always the best policy must be a matter of faith. History cannot disprove such a faith, because history is incomplete. But to date it seems that war has been one of the major instruments of social progress. Recent history provides Dr. Lewis with a strong case. It was armed resistance that saved the revolution in Russia, and the judgment of those has been vindicated who held that our refusal to defend China and Abyssinia, Spain and Czechoslovakia would not save peace, but lead to a more desperate conflict.

Absolute pacifism stands on the conviction that war is morally indefensible, whatever the consequences. Dr. Lewis attacks the type of moral outlook which such a conviction implies. That war is an evil, and that it brings other evils in its train, is agreed. But such an abstract generalisation cannot give rise to an absolute obligation. We may find ourselves faced with a choice of evils, in which war may be the lesser. So we are brought back to the forecasting of a balance of good over evil. "In each case," we are told, "the *total* good and evil must be estimated and each case judged on its merits." Possibly; but can I really trust my merits as a prophet so far?

Both books marshal and weigh the evidence adequately and fairly. Yet both produce that sense of embarrassed inconclusiveness that seems inseparable from all arguments about pacifism. The real problem lies deeper than any measurement of evidence, in the clash of conflicting consciences. It is not true that the issue lies between the individual and the State, between moral obligation and political expediency. A man must obey his conscience. But the pacifist has no monopoly of conscience. There are men whose whole being is convulsed with loathing at the idea of wielding a rifle and bayonet. They cannot do the thing. But there are others who feel shamed and degraded by the thought of standing by while injustice is done and they have strength to strike a blow. Perhaps the moral heroes of this war, in a country where the conscientious pacifist is protected by law, are those men of peace who have taken up arms from a sense of moral obligation, though they abhor the barbarism to which war inevitably commits them. They, too, must obey conscience or pay the penalty of demoralisation.

This is our dilemma, that conscience gives an ambiguous verdict, yet in moral issues conscience is the final court of appeal. If the pacifist takes his stand on conscience, then he must demand that the man whose conscience bids him fight shall fight. If the conscience of the majority of his society is for resistance to aggression by war, then he must demand that his country should declare war, or he strikes a blow at once against the supremacy of conscience and principle of democratic government. If, on the other hand, he tries to make his pacifism the basis of a political policy he deserts its basis in conscience; since one cannot make one's private conscience a rule of social co-operation without respect to the consciences of others. From the political side, the crux of the question is the pacifist's refusal to accept the decision of the majority as the rule of co-operation. He will not share with his fellows the responsibility for his social behaviour. His refusal sets limits to democracy, and makes him, in principle, an anti-democratic revolutionary, who is not prepared to take responsibility for the revolution. It is this that may make the pacifist in politics the unwilling accomplice of the Fascist. That their motives are poles apart does not prevent the convergence of their effects. Yet it would be strange if the road to a new barbarism were paved with sensitive consciences.

We must not think that this proves the case against pacifism. A man must obey his conscience or lose his integrity and suffer demoralisation. There is, indeed, no solution in argument, though honest argument may contribute to the only possible solution, which is the development of conscience. Conscience is no supernatural judgment-seat to which we have a magical access for the solution of moral difficulties. It is a product of social forces, modified in each of us by individual temperament, experience and reflection. The pacifist conscience reflects clearly the individualism of capitalist society, at the point where its internal contradictions threaten to destroy it. The right to do what one will with one's own property is the economic aspect of the moral right to act upon one's own judgment. The Protestant Reformation created the individualist conscience by throwing upon the individual the freedom to impose the moral law upon himself. This meant that the individual was made solely responsible for his own actions, and must therefore decide their rightness by his own private judgment. A good Mediaeval would have acknowledged the obligation to obey his conscience, but his private feeling or private judgment, unconfirmed by social authority would not have carried for him the force of conscience. The individualist must, however, identify his own feeling of total conviction or of total recoil with the objective moral obligation of conscience.

So now, as the individualist society of the past begins to give place to the socialist society of the future, a new socialist conscience makes its appearance. The effective recognition that the product of co-operative labour belongs of right to the co-operating group finds its spiritual parallel in the discovery that all moral responsibility is shared. Round this discovery there must grow a conscience that again includes a necessary reference to the social group. The individualist is responsible, in conscience, to himself alone; the new conscience of the socialist makes him morally responsible to his fellows, and jointly responsible with his fellows, for his own actions.

Thus, though there is no theoretical solution of the pacifist dilemma, there is no moral difficulty in practice. The pacifist must obey his conscience. In doing so and remaining sensitive to the dilemmas to which his action gives rise, he creates the conditions for the transformation of conscience in himself and in his society. It is a sign of progress, not of deterioration, that so many of the stalwart pacifists of the last war are pacifists no longer. Neither Dr. Cadoux nor Dr. Lewis can prove his case. Both of them contribute to the creation of the conscience which will sustain the new era of European culture.

JOHN MACMURRAY

INTERN THE LOT

The Internment of Aliens. By F. LAFITTE. *Penguin Special.* 6d.

The publication of this book in wartime is to the credit of this country: the necessity for its publication is to its great discredit. The events which form the subject matter were described by the *Evening Standard* as a damnable crime against the good name of England; and if there appears to be a sad lack of co-ordination between this denunciation and the policy of the *Sunday Express*, which actively fomented the crime, this can perhaps be explained by the absence on special leave of the chief proprietor.

Well-written and well-documented, courageously outspoken, critical and constructive, this work is an astonishingly good performance by a new young author. His story makes painful reading, and the true facts of this indiscriminate caging of old, crippled and invalid folk and the stupid harassing of poor and helpless people, as contrasted with the tergiversating and equivocal statements of obstinate and uninstructed Ministers almost induce one to resign from the human race and join a decent tribe of monkeys.

Last May one of the Ministerial spokesmen for the War Office refused to allow the photographing of military prisoners of war in camps on the laudable grounds that it was offensive to make a peepshow of captives. Within a month the papers were carrying pictures of women with babies in their arms being rounded up by soldiers with fixed bayonets, and the damfool censorship had not the sense to suppress this shameful evidence. The military disaster on the Continent had started the witch-hunt. Let us be quite clear about the situation. One does not expect on the morrow of a debacle a public acknowledgment of the military efficiency of the brutes who achieved the break through, and it is understandable that the popular mind should eagerly seize upon the explanation that it was all done by mirrors and by dropping parachutists disguised as nuns. What one is entitled to expect is that the leaders of a democratic country, standing in a great tradition and ostensibly fighting for that

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A Dark Side Also 7s. 6d. PETER CONWAY
Best Flying Stories 8s. 6d. Various Authors

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'An admirable narrative and discussion of the military events of the past year.'—*Spectator.* 10/6

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An anthology for the affianced and married. 8/6

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The ideal present for Bridge players. BUTLER and STERN

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The 'noble anthology' by SIR BRUCE RICHMOND. 7/6

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tradition, should check any signs of panic or prejudice which threaten to develop into hysterical outbursts at the expense of innocent people, that they should discourage and even repress any sinister or lurid campaigns appealing to the worst mob instincts, and above all that they should lead, and not take cowardly refuge behind the plea that the public opinion which they had done nothing to inform or guide had left them helpless in the matter. The vast majority of the victims of the internment policy were refugees who had sought the hospitality of this country, had been admitted on that basis and were therefore in effect guests of this country. Honour, good faith, dignity, decency and justice, to say nothing of generosity, required that they should be treated with the utmost consideration permitted by the circumstances. If it was really necessary to segregate them, then that could have been done without the odious accompaniments or even the terminology of internment. Neither barbed wire nor fixed bayonets were called for. But what did we get from our leaders, spiritual or otherwise? From most of the bishops, as usual, loud and prolonged silence, and this was just as well since by the time some of the prelates have finished interpreting the text "If thine enemy hunger, feed him" it reads like a command to mayhem and disembowel the foe. We got, for example, a fatuous and irresponsible speech over the radio from Sir Neville Bland, British Minister in Holland, inculcating suspicion and hatred of anyone who had ever ordered *Wiener Schnitzel* instead of *Escallope de Veau*. We thus had the gaudy spectacle of an ambassador acting as cheap publicity agent for the British Konzentrations Lager with the Continental flavour. These villains will make the name Neville more odious than the name Adolf.

For the unsavoury scandal of the camps the War Office is held responsible; but it should be remembered that, along with winter fogs and the inability to cook vegetables, the War Office is one of the natural disadvantages of these isles. Nothing can be done about this. *Ils sont toujours en retard d'une armée, d'une année et d'une idée.* Of course the victims were quartered in derelict mills or water-logged tents, of course there was insufficient food and bedding and an absence of sanitary and medical provisions. Of course, 100,000 letters were held up in one camp by a breakdown in the censorship organisation. Of course documents and records of all kinds were lost. Of course the *Oxford Book of English Verse* was confiscated as subversive literature, and, of course, Mr. Eden, the civilian apologist for the department in the House, was hopelessly inaccurately briefed on every point. The same things would have happened if the War Office had been suddenly called upon to deal with a few thousand British citizens. It is fortunate that the civil authorities in London made themselves fully responsible for dealing with the air-raid devastation. If the War Office had been asked in early September to rush fifty field kitchens to Stepney, just about this moment a choleric Landing Officer in Singapore would be asking where the devil he was to put the things and who the devil ordered stew for that climate.

But we shall not be damned on account of the soldiery. The Lord must have a soft spot for incompetent generals, otherwise he would not have made so many of them. A more sinister and malignant case is the Home Office. What will get the whole human race shovelled incontinently into the everlasting bonfire at the Judgment is its incurable proclivity for producing a constant succession of Home Secretaries and Ministers of the Interior, most of them own blood brothers to Jack Ketch. In the case of the other departments there is a reasonable expectation that one minister in four will turn out not to be a net liability to the community, but if one Home Secretary out of twenty shows any of the imagination and sympathy required of the office, to say nothing of an elementary knowledge of Christian precept and practice, it is a matter for surprise and congratulation. As for the higher officials, a life's work of recommending refusals for recommendations to mercy, of countersigning deportation orders and of giving the final twist to the reports of *agents provocateurs* and copper's narks must sooner or later endow the most sensitive of them with the warm and endearing qualities associated with a moribund codfish. Even the London sparrows keep a safe distance from their gloomy edifice, and only a few crows hover around, presumably smelling carrion. But the maximum contempt must be accorded to the numerous tribe of self-styled Liberals, who can smell injustice a thousand miles away but not across the room, and who on this occasion went about bleating "The innocent must suffer with the guilty." Reader, if you were one of these *Salus populi suprema lex* renegades, go home, enter into your closet, bow your head, and pray fervently "God be merciful to me, a louse." And keep your mouth shut at the peace settlement because you have already disqualified yourself.

Our principle of strict objectivity forbids us to be intemperate on this matter and also compels us to admit that with judicious handling the tragedy can perhaps be turned into one of the comic episodes in the history of these islands. Mr. Churchill gave a clue in his recent speech when in a reference to Fifth Columnists he slipped in a parenthesis to the effect that he was increasingly sceptical if there were any over here. This raised a slight chuckle and we foresee the time after the war when Mr. Churchill in his inimitable manner will explain that there never were any at all. With the realisation that thousands of people were bundled into the cage for nothing at all the House will split its sides. "Madam," said the leader of the Western deputation, "your husband's sure got the laugh on us. We've just lynched him and it was the wrong man."

G. L. SCHWARTZ

NEW NOVELS

Landfall. By NEVIL SHUTE. *Heinemann.* 8s.
Nailcruncher. By ALBERT COHEN. Translated from the French by VYVYAN HOLLAND. *Routledge.* 9s.
A Dark Side Also. By PETER CONWAY. *Faber and Faber.* 7s. 6d.

It is commonly said that every human being has in him the material for one good book, which is true in the same sense as it is true that every block of stone contains a statue. What is perhaps more to the point is that anyone able to hold a pen can write a fairly good novel of the unpretentious kind, if only at some period of his life he has managed to escape from literary society. There is no lack nowadays of clever writers; the trouble is that such writers are so cut off from the life of their time as to be unable to write about ordinary people. A "distinguished" modern novel almost always has some kind of artist or near-artist as its hero. There is, however, one experience that happens to nearly all human beings alike, and that is war. The "intellectual" has a chance of seeing war at close quarters as he will never see, for instance, stockbroking or marine insurance, and good war-books are in consequence fairly common. The present war, owing to its peculiar character, has not yet produced a literature of its own, but Mr. Nevil Shute's *Landfall* is a beginning. It is a straightforward, convincing story, and I shall keep an eye open for Mr. Shute's books in future.

What makes it interesting is that it brings out the essential peculiarity of war, the mixture of heroism and meanness. The whole story turns upon the jealousy between the Navy and Air Force over the control of the Coastal Command. The hero, a young airman, is accused of bombing and sinking a British submarine. He has not in fact done so, but is found guilty by a board of enquiry composed of naval officers who are faintly prejudiced against him. Later in the book he is exonerated by a roundabout but curiously convincing chain of circumstances in which the chief link is a dirty joke about contraceptives. The way in which the author handles him shows what an advantage it is for a thinking man to live sometimes on equal terms with men who are not "thinking." The young airman is completely unintellectual. His hobbies are getting difficult stations on the wireless and fitting together model ships of which he buys the parts ready-made. He is conducting a flirtation with a barmaid, whom he finally marries, and there are whole chapters of the kind of conversation that one hears flung to and fro across saloon bars, full of *double entendres* and "Oo, aren't you awful!" But the author treats none of this ironically. He sees the young airman's point of view, because, presumably, he has at some time shared his experiences. He can stand inside him as well as outside him and realise that he is heroic as well as childish, competent as well as silly. The result is a good, simple story, pleasantly free from cleverness, and at times genuinely moving.

Nailcruncher, on the other hand, is one of the most pretentious novels I have read for a long time. It is an enormous, deliberately farcical story about some semi-imbecile Jews, first in the Greek island of Cephalonia and later in Switzerland. What is chiefly remarkable in it is the length and disgustingness of its scatological passages. As soon as I came on the first of these I turned back to the blurb on the dust-jacket, well knowing what adjective I should find, and, sure enough, there it was—"Rabelaisian." It is curious that this word is invariably used as a term of praise. We are forever being told that whereas pornography is reprehensible, "hearty Rabelaisian humour" (meaning a preoccupation with the W.C.) is perfectly all right. This is partly, perhaps, because Rabelais is nowadays seldom read. So far from being "healthy," as is always alleged, he is an exceptionally perverse, morbid writer, a case for psycho-analysis. But people who lead strict lives have dirty minds, and Rabelais had a considerable underground reputation in Victorian times. Archdeacon Grantley read him on the sly, it will be remembered, and the bachelor in Browning's poem possessed "a little edition of Rabelais." Perhaps the only way of making him respectable was to maintain that there is something "normal" and "hearty" in coprophilia, and the legend has survived into an age when few people have glanced at his dirtier passages. At any rate, "Rabelaisian" is a correct description of *Nailcruncher*. If you like scatology, this is the book for you; if you don't, I should steer clear of it, for long passages in it are calculated to make any ordinary person physically sick.

A Dark Side Also is a solemn and, at bottom, narcissistic novel about a psychologist and, I should say, by a psychologist. The hero is one of those people with a masterful personality and hypnotic eyes who can rip out all your darkest secrets, including the age at which you stopped wetting your bed, after five minutes of acquaintance. He is struck off the medical register for what appears to be a succession of disreputable love-affairs. Actually he has been making a scientific study of the effects of sexual jealousy, which he can only do by inducing women to fall in love with him (he does this with the greatest of ease) and then leaving them in the lurch. In the end, of course, he is triumphantly rehabilitated. An unconvincing story, though some of the technical detail—an account of the jealousies existing between psycho-analysts and ordinary medical practitioners, for instance—is interesting.

GEORGE ORWELL

JONATHAN CAPE

Private and Official: Nourah Waterhouse. *Illustrated 15s.*

Lady Waterhouse's book of memoirs, anecdotes and personal sketches will prove a mine of information to the historian of the 1920-30 decade. Here is a brilliant account of the *coulisses* of politics, of the relation of the Crown to the Prime Minister, and of the Prime Minister to his party. It is something of the heart of politics.

Autobiography: Eric Gill. *Illustrated by the Author. 12s. 6d.*

Eric Gill had been working on his autobiography during the past year, and he was able to pass the proofs shortly before his much-lamented death. (13th Dec.)

The Advance of the Fungi: E. C. Large. *Illustrated 18s.*

A history of the successive epidemics of fungal and other plant diseases which have ravaged the world during the last century, the potato blight, the leaf-disease of the coffee, the black-stem rust of the wheat. It tells the story of the science of crop-defence from its beginnings in the eighteenth century to the present day. Brilliantly written, by an author who is not only a specialist in insecticides and fungicides but also a remarkable novelist, *The Advance of the Fungi* commands the attention of historians, of scientists, of agriculturists and, no less, of the common reader.

Kilvert's Diary: Vol. III, 1874-79: edited by William Plomer. *12s. 6d.*

'He remains a real addition to the company of people whom we know through the medium of printed confession and would not willingly forget. He writes with romantic exuberance, and he gives a picture not merely of his own period but of human nature at all times in a setting of rural peace and emotional unsettlement.' *Sunday Times.*

Sagittarius Rhyming. *5s.*

A selection from the work of the most brilliant verse-satirist of our day, who is both 'Sagittarius' of the *New Statesman* and 'Fiddlestick' of *Time and Tide.*

S.O.S.—Ludlow: Christopher Hassall. *5s.*

The long title-poem was suggested by a letter describing what happened when a liner was sunk by a torpedo in the Mediterranean. In this disaster Hassall has found a symbol of the tragedy of our times.

The Best Poems of 1940: edited by Thomas Moult. *6s.*

The latest of these anthologies contains the work of poets as diversified as Walter de la Mare, Laurence Binyon, Blunden, Auden, Osbert Sitwell, Sassoon and many others.

FICTION

The Gantillons
by Robert Liddell

Come Back to Erin
by Seán O'Faoláin

Across the Black Waters
by Mulk Raj Anand

Darkness at Noon
by Arthur Koestler

The Beauty of the Dead
and other stories by H. E. Bates

BOOKS FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

The Big Six
by Arthur Ransome. *Illustrated 7s. 6d.*

The Curious Lobster; and
The Curious Lobster's Island
by Richard Warren Hatch. *Illustrated each 7s. 6d.*

They Wanted Adventure
by Kenneth Macfarlane. *Illustrated 7s. 6d.*

The Belgian Twins
by Lucy Fitch Perkins. *Illustrated 3s. 6d.*

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Some Christmas Books

A FLOURISHING CROP

The House in the Mountains. By AVERIL DEMUTH. *Hamish Hamilton.* 7s. 6d.

Chi-Lo The Admiral. By R. J. MCGREGOR. *Faber.* 6s.

Through the Forest of Pines. By MICHAEL SCOTT. *Harrap.* 5s.

Tom Sawyer Grows Up. By CLEMENT WOOD. *Harrap.* 5s.

Cue for Treason. By GEOFFREY TEASE. *Blackwell.* 5s.

Because of Batty's Boots. By RUTH CLARK. *Dent.* 6s.

Caravan Island. By E. H. YOUNG. *A. and C. Black.* 7s. 6d.

They Wanted Adventure. By KENNETH MACFARLANE *Cape.* 7s. 6d.

The Big Six. By ARTHUR RANSOME. *Cape.* 7s. 6d.

DEAR H,

Christmas again. Ironic landmark as we go marching steadily further down the dark tunnel. I remember writing last year: "One more old-fashioned Xmas for unbombed British babies." So it was. Now every school and nursery is threatened. Yet I suppose they still keep their world somehow intact, adding to it imitations of sirens, collections of bomb fragments, shrapnel splinters. Meanwhile the new books for them still make a flourishing crop. Here are a few notes on the ones I have looked at.

The House in the Mountains is an enchanting fairy story. Children, to whom snow is a universal major pleasure, will revel in the setting, which is a village in Switzerland. Miss Demuth's invention is remarkably fertile. Magic follows magic at high pressure, and in that casual way which children consider natural. It is frightening magic, but not sinister. The children are dears, and the bear, Mr. Trog, their friend and protector, extremely lovable. The wicked characters are very wicked and take a lot of overcoming, but they get their due in the end and the good live happily ever after. I can't imagine a more attractive book for six and seven year olds—chiefly, I think, for little girls. I have only one trifling quarrel with the author. Why spell sumptuous "sumpshus"? My children and yours object to such infantilisms—and I think most do.

Chi-Lo The Admiral is another delightful book that takes one far from England—to an Eastern river this time, and a hero born on a boat. The story concerns the triumph of a gang of fisher-boys, led by Chi-Lo, over the forces of parental and what might be called Imperialist exploitation and oppression. It is fantastic, ingenious and witty. Chi-Lo is a real hero—courageous, active, authoritarian and successful. Ideal for little boys of about seven.

Mr. Scott prefaces his book, *Through the Forest of Pines,* thus: "*For the Grown Ups.* My Lords, Ladies, Princes, Kings and Queens and all the Aristocratic Animals real and unreal of the World. . . . You may at first well wonder that I write and dedicate a book to my dog Prince. But what would you have a lover do other than think and dream and write of his beloved friend?" etc., etc. He concludes: "If you have a dog and love him, too, then turn the pages of Prince's book with tender care, for in them beats the heart of a friend whose life blood flows through the very lines." In the proper mood of Humility we now approach the story. The hero is called Boy, and some stress is laid on his shock of golden hair. He goes to sleep in the woods, and takes a dream journey with Prince. "All children who love animals and believe in dreams have to pass the Test of Faith by doing this journey before they grow up. It's to show that you really *do* love animals and want to try and understand them, and what they think and feel and say." Some children get lost, some get eaten by Great Bear and have to be shovelled underground, but those who really love animals enough Win Through. It is an unnerving allegory, packed with grisly animal phantasies. Boy seems to have an unfair advantage when it comes to the Test, since we are expressly told that he is incapable of error. This is not a safe book for my own family, where, as you know, the only certain answer to Trust Piper Enough is: And Get Stuck in a Rabbit-hole.

In *Tom Sawyer Grows Up,* Clement Wood takes upon himself to continue what Mark Twain left undone. Tom and Huck reappear, so do the Widow Douglas and Aunt Polly. There are the familiar expletives: "Geewhillickins," etc., the same kind of pilferings and violences. Once again people fall on their noses in muddy water, still split their pants.

In short, the typical incidents are here, the informing genius who first conceived them is in his grave and doubtless turning in it. A cousin of Mark Twain's contributes an Introduction and says: "There is no counterfeit here. . . . I do not hesitate to say that in certain passages he has out-Twained Twain." Relations will be relations.

Cue for Treason is a rollicking yarn set in the days of Queen Elizabeth. It really is excellent. No embarrassments; no sentimentalities, no archaic jargon; atmosphere historically accurate, style simple and lively. The story concerns the adventures of a boy and girl of fourteen who run away and join a company of strolling players. In order to test the girl's talent, one of the minor actors asks her to read a part in his newly written play. The speech he selects begins: *Come night; come Romeo; come, thou day in night.* . . . . A reckless idea, but it comes off. Shakespeare is charming, and Queen Elizabeth every inch herself.

Finally, four books which may roughly be classed together, all being concerned with groups of realistic modern children, and all exhaling that clarified bracing atmosphere of the up-to-date young: very little stress on moral problems, much on independence, common sense and practical efficiency. Another marked characteristic is lack of sex-consciousness or of any notion of chivalry. There was nothing like these books in our day. Boys were boys, girls girls, for us and Mrs. Nesbit.

Because of Batty's Boots is an excellent shortish book in which children are the detectives, and chase a gang of cattle thieves through a Christmas country market. Event opens out of event with dramatic ease and liveliness. Dialogue and dialect are admirable. There is a vivid sense of the marketing scene, of muddy country lanes and wintry farms. The characters are seen humorously but not patronisingly. Boys and girls from eight to twelve will enjoy this book very much.

Miss Young's long novel about a caravanning holiday on one of the Western Isles of Scotland is another plum, a fat and juicy one. Girls especially, I think, in their early and middle teens will love it. There is a great deal of practical camping detail, the children are real, and the young aunt in charge of them attractive. Human relationships do have a place, and there are plenty of adventures of the swimming, boating, riding, being chased by a bull kind. Miss Young must know and love her island well, she builds up its every aspect—its moors, shores, streams, farms and natives—with such painstaking affectionate care.

They Wanted Adventure also has a Scottish island for its setting. Its time is, boldly enough, the present war. A spy story with plenty of thrills. The characters are two children, their dog, and a governess thought to be stuffy who turns out quite the opposite. Good and well-written. A present for children from nine to thirteen.

Finally, the prolific Mr. Ransome again, extraordinary writer, so original, so matter of fact, with his maps and his local place names and his almost grinding insistence on matters of technical proficiency. The setting is once more the Norfolk Broads, about which Mr. Ransome obviously knows everything that can be known. As usual every single detail of the boatman's art and craft is meticulously explored. As usual the style is clipped, pared-away, astringent, to my ear monotonous and, somehow, a bit suffocating. As usual the characters are flat, colourless, humourless, totally external: symbols of co-operative efficiency. I don't know why I always rather dislike them: I suppose it is because they are always so on the spot, up to the mark, and, somehow, sterilised. But that is beside the point. The point is that Mr. Ransome again equals or perhaps excels himself, and that every boy who enjoys him—and every boy does—will vote this detective story super.

Considering the difficulties, all these books are pretty well bound and printed, and not expensive. But the illustrations seem to me nearly all deplorable—trivial, unimaginative, sometimes vulgar. *Bad.* The only exception is Isobel Morton-Sale who does the drawings for *Because of Batty's Boots.* She does show life and a feeling for character. Why not employ children as illustrators? Think of the brilliance, vitality and wit in recent exhibitions of pictures and posters by children.

Good-bye. May we still be exchanging these notes this time next year.

ROSAMOND LEHMANN

COUNTRY LIFE

England is a Village. By C. HENRY WARREN. *Eyre and Spottiswoode.* 7s. 6d.

Living in the Country. By F. D. SMITH and B. WILCOX. *A. and C. Black.* 7s. 6d.

The "little place just out of town" came into vogue, I suppose, with the prosperity of the Elizabethan tradesman. Maybe the wife got tired of living over the shop; or perhaps town-life had become sufficiently specialised to oppress some of the instincts of country-bred shopkeepers. Presumably the only reason for keeping two homes going is that the scope of life in the one is too narrow. The week-ender invades the country for spiritual *Lebensraum.*

The title of Mr. Warren's book would be more realistic as "Every true and good Englishman likes to believe that England is a village."

The special mysticism about the country, ranging from pantheist frenzy to chic whimsicality, began in the eighteenth century with the cult of gardening and estate "improvement" and the general theory of the picturesque. Shenstone's *ferme ornée,* for example, was a deliberate savouring of the rusticalities from aesthetic motives, foreshadowing Wordsworth. The pastoral aura of the Romantic poets has, of course, inspired such a stampede that in every Nether Bagwash the main cottage industry in this century has been some form of *tourisme.* Cyclists' signs, motorists' signs, Bed and

A book for children
by H. E. BATES

The Seasons and the Gardener

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A companion to THE SEASONS AND THE FARMER by FRASER DARLING

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CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY PRESS

Breakfast, Camping, local Knick-knacks for Sale, Teas for Hikers, Week-end Cottage to Let (Suit Author or retired couple), farmhouse holidays, conducted walks sponsored by railway companies, and so on. Incidentally this minor boom in a mere by-product was so fortunate for the decaying countryside (or at least for the mortgage-holders) that the workless miners of South Wales were advised by the Government—before the war, it will be understood—to do likewise and turn their derelict valleys into show-places.

Living in the Country is a compendium of practical advice in every branch of the art. It supplies the facts and the figures, the pests, the way to deal with damp, the lowdown on pigs and septic tanks and village cricket. Its severely informative air is a salutary contrast to the usual gush. But who nowadays looks at a country cottage as anything but a decentralised air-raid shelter? Larkfield, the scarcely fictitious Essex village which Mr. Warren describes with the wistful sentiment of a convert, has evacuees in place of its hikers and bikers, its campers and trampers. It is easy to assume that old habits will return with opportunity, but is this certain? Our countrygoing fancy is nourished by congested city-life and relatively high urban incomes. The possibility that the post-war world may not include these conditions puts the rustic craze in a new perspective. What did we gain from it, what should we lose with its passing? The townsman will press his need for recreation and rest and change. He may claim to have something of the countryman in him which must be satisfied. At the worst he will at least expect to do what he likes in his leisure with his own money.

But it is not so simple as that. Let us, for the sake of a concrete example, examine the village of "Stanning," which is not far from Mr. Warren's Larkfield. It looks just the place where an unassuming townsman might relax without either harm or notable profit to anyone. There are in Stanning a few farmhouses, forty or so cottages, and half a dozen miscellaneous places which would suit Author or retired couple. The farmhouses have varying histories. One belongs to a celebrated bookmaker: the land attached to it is still worked by the ex-owner, who now lives in one of the farm cottages. Two or three other farms have been bought at depression prices by insurance companies, who intended to be in on the ground floor when necessity revives agriculture; here the ex-owners are now bailiffs. Those of the cottages which are not tied to the farms have become profitable slums for anyone with a hundred or two to invest and no conscience. The slogan is "five bob a week and no repairs." The remaining cottages and houses are suitable for urban occupants; but the village looks on them as solutions to its overcrowding problems, as well as the potential focus of its social life. Holly Cottage, for example, would have suited Tom, who can't get married until he finds a home; alas, it was bought in 1938 by a lawyer who vowed he would see £500 for it when the first bombs dropped. The remaining places have belonged for some years to nice people, with nice manners, who stay for several week-ends during the summer and entertain visiting friends.

It is true I exaggerate slightly, but that is the general picture. The countryman is tenacious by nature: tenacious of place, of religion, of method, of acquaintance. The sceptical, peripatetic, generalising, innovating nature of the townsman is an admirable foil but a bad master. His belief that everything can be safely generalised as a commodity reducible to cash terms of outlay and return is a disastrous belief. His idea that one can live in a place with no obligation to the community is an excess of liberty which impoverishes one's neighbours. The absentee occupant of The Big House is as lamentable as the absentee landlord. The excuse that country people are hostile to "foreigners" is no excuse, because it is not true. Like most other people they advance cautiously, they reciprocate indifference, and they resent patronage.

Unless we return to a purely peasant economy we shall still have village and city, countryman and townsman. England won't be a village, but it may cease to be a megalopolis with rustic preserves. Some of the week-enders will go native, some of the evacuees will stay on, some of the soldiers who are living in the country for the first time will not return to the cities. Mr. Warren describes their reward, in a ruminative and picturesque way; Mr. Smith and Miss Wilcox suggest the technique. The appearance of their books is a good sign. A nation which falls out of love with its soil develops an intellectual volatility which aborts any constant resolution of the will. At the point where a sceptical surface-quickness collapses in fickleness and mere love of novelty it is necessary to reaffirm that tenacity of tradition which makes amendment durable; otherwise change itself will strike no roots. The week-enders of peacetime had the right idea, in spite of their false sentiment, their whimsy, their extravagant views about plumbing, and their playground mood. At least they knew a good thing when they saw it.

DESMOND HAWKINS

A GOOD BOY'S STORY

Wrong Foot Foremost. By L. A. G. STRONG. *Pitman.* 3s. 6d.
Atlantic Spy. By FRANK ELIAS. *Lutterworth Press.* 3s.
The Mine Detector. By FRANK ELIAS. *Lutterworth Press.* 3s.
Mutiny in the Caribbean. By G. W. KEETON. *Bell.* 6s.
The Seventh Swordsman. By GUNBY HADATH. *Lutterworth Press.* 4s.
Treasure Valley. By L. PATRICK GREENE. *Harrap.* 5s.
Phantom Patrol. By A. R. CHANNEL. *Collins.* 3s. 6d.

Thick paper, large type, illustrations which to-day tend to show a distressing tendency to artiness, or have the old fashioned and splendid disregard for colour schemes—keen blue-eyed men with the long chin of the bore, levelling automatics at red rakish racing cars—these are the children's books which we find in the shelves of stationers and bookshops in country towns where the only classy reading obtainable is a de luxe edition of *When We Were Very Young* standing cheek by jowl with a cheap one of *Antic Hay* among the Christmas cards and bottles of scent. Children's authors are, for the most part, journalists able to write a thousand words an hour and with children of their own to support or an interest in scouting. The formula is always a boy hero, a splendid silent man, a cruel but cultivated villain, and plenty of improbable but exciting action. The more possible it is to re-enact the book in the garden with one's brothers and sisters in the minor parts, the more certain it is of success. Location may be South America, Finland, the North Sea or South Africa. This form of writing is difficult to do and should be more respected. The pity of it in its present state is that it is too often badly written.

One of these books sticks out a mile from the others. The others are honest, healthy stuff, though not distinguished. They vary in style. There is the humorous:

> But, though I've told my pal chum, twin soul or what not, Walker-Reed, more than once, that you've only got to look at my face at once to learn to love and revere it for ever, there seem still to be people who'd as soon have me out of this world as in it; which is only another way of saying that, so far from retiring to spend the evening of my days at my fireside, inglenook, cottage-door or empty garage, I, at the great age of seventeen. . . . (*Atlantic Spy*, by Frank Elias.)

the straightforward dramatic:

> "I'm not a talker," he began uneasily, "but the chief died for his country as much as if he'd done it on the sea."
>
> Suddenly, without quite knowing why we did it, we two—the stiff, weather-beaten petty officer and the boy, myself—stood to attention and saluted. Perhaps the spirit of a brave Englishman was going by. (*The Mine Detector*, by Frank Elias.)

the historical:

> He levelled his two pistols, now reloaded, at the occupants of the coach.
>
> "Stand forth," he said in stern tones, "and the first one who seeks to escape shall pay for it with his life." (*Mutiny in the Caribbean*, by G. W. Keeton.)

the decent sort:

> "You've got to stand up to your job, old man. Your job is work." With a swift movement Peter turned and was lost in the trees, the other [Peter's father] making no effort to detain or follow him. "The lad's biting on the bullet," he uttered. "He'll do." (*The Seventh Swordsman*, by Gunby Hadath.)

the colonial and rough:

> It's my machine gun. You see, chaps, my job is to do a spot of exploration and what not occasionally for the Government. Something like Secret Service work among the jolly old aborigines who live way off the beaten track. . . . (*Treasure Valley*, by L. Patrick Greene.)

the frozen-north (and anti-Russian):

> Remember me sometimes, Stuart. And when the winter nights close in on Britain . . . think of us Finns and Lapps; with our twenty-three hours of darkness.
>
> Stuart nodded and gulped. He could not speak. There was a lump in his throat which would not move. (*Phantom Patrol*, by A. R. Channel.)

Wrong Foot Foremost, by L. A. G. Strong, which I have reserved to last, is an exceptional book which I would advise all parents to give to their children, and all who enjoy school stories to read. It conforms to the tradition of the other books in two respects. The production is in the stationer's shop manner and the dust wrapper is more hideous than the others. The plot is truly improbable. Chittersfield school is a sort of Dartington which has had to close down and be merged with Harbridge, a more conventional school. Dick, the hero, is a Chittersfield boy whose guardian is a V.C., an air ace and an explorer—a sort of T. E. Lawrence. The plot turns on Dick's reactions to a conventional school life and square-headed athletes. Dick is a good cricketer, plays the piano so well that he can knock spots off the music master, and is a first-class boxer—so good that he can knock out the heavyweight champion of the school, though he is only a welter-weight himself. He first gets into trouble for defending a terrific aesthete from Chittersfield from Harbridge bullying. The aesthete is a charming character and there are not any utter villains, for every character, despite the improbability of the action, is true to type. *The Loom of Youth*, though it championed the aesthetes, lacked the improbable plot which Mr. Strong, in this book of avowed junior reading, manages to maintain to the last. Consequently Mr. Waugh's book, because the story is only too like school life, is not much read by the schoolboys who might profit by it. *Wrong Foot Foremost* will be read by the very schoolboys whom one would have wished a book like *The Loom of Youth* might influence.

The hero, Dick, is often bumptious and irritating, but one is always on his side as in this delightful interview with his housemaster who has learned he is to box the school heavyweight:

> He had now learnt the best technique for dealing with his housemaster, which was to appear

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some suggestions by HARRAP'S

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bland and innocent, and smile gently upon him. These tactics speedily brought the man to boiling point.

"It's easy to see," said Mr. Wallingford, "that the concert platform will be the right career for you. Or the stage."

"It's very kind of you to say so, Sir."

Mr. Wallingford snorted. "Your instinct for the dramatic appears to be insatiable," he said. "However I cannot help feeling that you have overreached yourself this time."

"Yes, Sir?"

"I have little knowledge of the stage, the concert platform and other forms of exhibitionism," pursued the housemaster. "I understand, however, that it is important always to appear in a good light."

"Paderewski likes playing in the dark, Sir."

Mr. Wallingford glared, but Dick's expression was totally guileless. . . .

"Your guardian is doubtless a most remarkable man, Shannon, but, if you are the result, I cannot congratulate him on his powers as an educator. The main result of his training seems to have been to make you insufferably conceited."

"He warned me I would have to expect that, Sir."

"He *what?*"

"Not that I should actually *be* conceited, Sir; but that people would think I was. He says that an Englishman always thinks anyone conceited who knows what he can do and says so."

Mr. Wallingford controlled himself with a visible effort.

Mr. Strong brings powerful emotional qualities into his story without resorting to sadism: his boys talk like boys; the funny bits are really funny; he shows up the strength and weakness of the public school system and, better still, he develops his hero, Dick, from a precocity to a human being. Mr. Strong has done good service to a neglected and lonely form of reading. It would be good if other distinguished authors followed his example. JOHN BETJEMAN

TWO KINDS OF DOCTOR

Twice the Clock Round: One Day of a Surgeon's Life. By GEORGE SAVA. *Faber and Faber.* 8s. 6d.

Doctor at Timberline. By CHARLES FOX GARDINER. *John Long.* 16s.

These two books are as unlike one another as are Oliver Wendell Holmes' *Autocrat at the Breakfast Table* and Mark Twain's *Innocents at Home*. In their several ways, both are good and readable; but it would be absurd to place one "afore or after other." The books will appeal to different groups of readers; I myself found both interesting.

Dr. Gardiner narrates, in the manner of an ordinary traveller and pioneer, the story of life in the early Colorado mountain wilds fifty years ago. As a young doctor, he went there to practice among silver miners, living high up in the Rocky Mountains, with deep snow covering the ground for nine months of the year. Later, he moved to the cattle country at a somewhat lower altitude and practised among the cowboys in a wild unsettled region, a hundred and fifty miles from the nearest railroad. Among his patients were "college professors, Indians, hunters, outlaws, gamblers, men who were fleeing the law, men who would shoot you as they would a rabbit." His professional calls were made on horseback. *Doctor at Timberline* is a simple and unaffected book, making no claim to be regarded as a work of literary art. It is a record that strikes me as near enough honest and true, though here and there it does suggest a little writing up in the publishers' office. It is a book that anyone could read with interest; but it will appeal more particularly to those who enjoy what are called adventure stories.

Dr. Sava's book, although also a record of personal adventure, is in another category. The author is cosmopolitan, cultured and *au fait* with at least the shallows of modern philosophy. He is a comparatively young man and he has already several good and highly successful books to his credit.

The twenty-four chapters that make up the book profess to narrate the thoughts and doings which occupy each of the hours that make up a day and night of a surgeon's life—not of any surgeon's life, but of the life of Dr. Sava. No reader could be deceived into thinking that every day of every surgeon is thus composed; nor is he likely to suppose that every one of Dr. Sava's days is so furnished with dramatic incident. Still, the convention serves quite well. We are told on the wrapper that "Sava, now on military service, wrote *Twice the Clock Round* when the war was in its first months"; but it is hard to reconcile this statement with the author's two o'clock in the morning reflection that "for the present, France is defeated."

This is no simple diary, recording one day's events, speculations and emotional reactions; it is obviously a conscious and deliberate work of art based on happenings and mental impacts spread over many months: but the book is none the less interesting on that account. It is as a work of art that it should be judged. I have already said that, to me, *Twice the Clock Round* is interesting and very readable. I am sure that the lay reader will find it even more so; its absence of profundity and subtlety will help. I, myself, found Dr. Sava's detailed reports of his surgical exploits and successes a little jarring, and perhaps a little too complacent; but I should not like to stress this personal prejudice, because the facts may be accurately reported without taint of vanity.

There is plenty of variety in the book. Thus, for example, the ten o'clock chapter describes a professional interview with a Polynesian king, who thought that submarines were a kind of artificial shark which ate ships as well as men; and was so impressed by Dr. Sava's operation under a local anaesthetic, in the course of which no pain was felt, that he tried to persuade him to come to his island as king's doctor.

The two o'clock chapter is devoted to an account with convincing material and psychological detail, of the author's lunch with a girl with whom he had fallen in love—he is evidently rather a successful lady-killer. This chapter has good bits in it; but it embarrassed me a little because of its interblending of frankness and sincerity with a somewhat ostentatious and affected bohemianism. The midnight chapter contains a mixed sentimental and technical account of the hospital treatment of the victims of a motor accident, while the chapters dealing with the small hours of the morning are apparently meant to record the contents of Dr. Sava's dreams. In these, we get, in an interesting enough form, his early family history and an epitomised story of the later years of the Tsardom and of the events attendant on the two Russian revolutions. It will be gathered that *Twice the Clock Round* is not a continuous life story, but a collection of episodes, reflections and technical information; and the author makes no claim that the book is other than this. In his Prologue, he says frankly that there is nothing startling or extraordinary about these "hours":

> They are much like hundreds of other hours I have spent, and probably resemble the many hours to come. I am cheerfully wrenching them out of context, with no unnecessary explanations. They are contemporary. They seem to be crowded with everyday things. They are not heavily jewelled with memories. Most of them will be written and quickly forgotten.

The working days of every busy doctor afford material as humanly interesting and as philosophically significant as are here recorded; but not many doctors have the time, the inclination, or the literary talent, to tell their story so vividly or with such accomplished ease as are manifest in *Twice the Clock Round*.

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Laughter Parade. Ed. by ANTHONY ARMSTRONG. *Faber.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

Punch or not? It comes down to that. The first eight of these fifteen are *Punch* books, the next four are not, and in the last the equation is resolved or at any rate the two hoops bowl side by side.

I shan't attempt to review the *Punch* books individually. They are wonderful, but not for me. There is the difficulty of language, which it takes foreigners a lifetime to fathom. I have brushed up my humour in order to cope with it, but still a page of Charivarese, ceremonious and retarding, remains as forbidding as a legal document. I can *see*, but from a long way off, that when the word "Aunt" is followed by "Tabitha" that ought to start something in me moving, that the "I's" used perpetually without anyone there, the substitution of sketch for story, and rigid class distinction, all offer clues; but that's as far as I get. Other problems and attitudes arise. Is it cricket? It? Everything. The distinction may seem to have dwindled lately, but here is one spot where it rules still, one field where the flag flies over the pavilion—the greensward of English humour. Here it is always summer, the days yawn out, colours are won before sunset, heads wag over Wisden in the bar, the unpaid classes come out of one gate and the mercenary from another, body-line as well as braces are barred. Yes, he's pretty good, but is he persil? seems to settle things. *Punch* has drawn up long ago the rules which every performer must repeat to himself as he goes in to bat. Here, so far as one can judge from the back of the stand, they are: (1) Keep a straight bat. (2) No wit or satire. (3) No sex. (4) No art (unless depreciated, with a capital). (5) Never tell a joke you couldn't repeat to the dog. (6) Jolly Jack Falstaff, but no quoting, mind. (7) Be serious, if you like, about bluebells.

What remains? Pure humour, the element of Sir James Barrie and Sir Owen Seaman and Daisy Ashford, *The Pick of Punch.* One or two of the *Punch* men who seemed to have broken away, A. P. Herbert, for example, with skittle alleys and the subject of divorce, are now back in the fold. Mr. Milne's poems, "light and serious," from a country village, Fougasse's "Talk Costs Lives" campaign, Pont's "Carry On," all bear the accredited, the mild, masonic stamp. Only Mr. Herbert is direct and, occasionally, hysterical. When *Punch* goes in for hysteria in a big way, as it did in 1917, and gets a phobia of sausages, that is the time to look out.

Outside *Punch*, there are the writers who provide their own conventions. *Don't, Mr. Disraeli* is the season's comic hit, and though I did not get on continuously well with it, the authors have a knack for overdoing it which personally I prefer to the humour that is all restraint. They begin with the fun of period (Victorian, of course) and wild parody of the broad-canvas school of history, finding their tableaux in Pall Mall and Windsor and a whirl of grotesque fictional lives. "While the Prince of Esterhazy is entering his coach on the way to the Coronation, his Hungarian costume so covered with diamonds and jewels that he looks as though he had been caught in a rain of them and come in dripping; while the Irish cook at Number 23 is bewailing her defeat in the battle of the ham to the crimson Mr. Purplehammer. . . ." That is how almost any chapter weighs in with atmosphere. The dripping diamonds have been cribbed from some book of memoirs, I forget which; the authors are enthusiastic cribbers. There are as many characters as in any three-decker, and not content with period and chic distortions of period the humour blossoms out in all directions so that Harpo Marx chases his blonde through a Pimlico ballroom and Einstein and H. G. Wells are picked up in days before even they dreamed of relativity and new samurai. Not all the jokes and excursions are good, but *Don't, Mr. Disraeli* is a book people will enjoy reading together, or in families. "It was snowing, a thousand fathers were waiting impatiently at doorways for it to get dark, so that they could put out their sinning daughters": that is the kind of sentence that makes up for a good deal of hit-or-miss exuberance.

Ritzkrieg was reviewed last week by "Critic," but I mention it again because despite pun-mania it has a sting. The tailpiece drawing of two clubmen likes duellers touching glasses is delicious; so, too, in the text, is the menu printed on p. 54. "Homage à l'Americaine—Graves Situation, 1931" and "Canard Hoare-Laval, Salade de Trahison—Champagne Mumm (Le Mot)" are two of seven courses it would be hard for the political diner-out to improve on.

Old Possum's Book of Practical Cats has also been reviewed before in these pages, but this is a new edition with illustrations by Nicolas Bentley. They are very bright indeed, especially the cat in theatrical lodgings, and the impassive beauty to whom an old gentleman is raising his hat in the street; they seem almost an indiscretion, facing the inscrutable jollity of Mr. Eliot's pages. These verses, by the way, are best read aloud, with the severe levity which the author himself, one imagines, would impart to them.

A.R.P. and All That is made up of jokes and anecdotes rising out of the black-out, evacuees, Haw-Haw, snorers in shelters, and Blitzkrieg in general. A saying attributed to Mae West: "Civil defence? Why put up a defence if he's civil?" sets the tone which, I am glad to say, is not nearly good enough for *Punch.* Many of the stories have been taken from newspapers, and I recognised one or two as having already appeared in "This England." Those who enjoy newspaper snippets, overheard conversations, and the enormities of living in war or at any other time, will find Mr. Kent Wright's little book a good half-crown's worth.

Laughter Parade is an omnibus, English and American. For those who like the old ones best we are taken back, for a few pages, to Mark Twain, Jerome and W. W. Jacobs. Among the living there is Thurber, in a class by himself, with Benchley following and not quite so good to read as to see; the best of our own living humorists, P. G. Wodehouse and J. B. Morton; Bentley's clerihews; Runyon's run-on gangsters; bits from *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes* and its English variant, *The Trials of Topsy.* As omnibuses go, this is roomy, with seats for everyone.

G. W. STONIER

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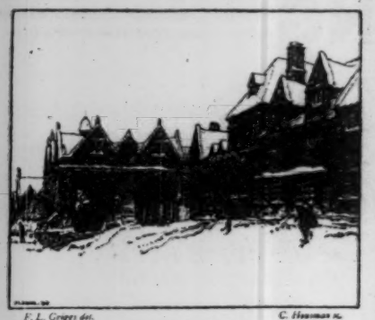

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A Pot of Smoke. R. M. LOCKLEY. *Harrap.* 8s. 6d.

Most people who can write at all write well about their early childhood. The material is "made" already, for a child lives in a world of incredibly small things and dramatically large ones. He belongs, like some primitive negro, to an alien, savage race and one writes about him with the ingenuousness of the instinctive early explorers when they first saw natives twittering, weeping, and rushing in and out of the woods on the shores of the Caribbean. To describe this is an easy task. Adolescence is the difficulty, the time when the savage is converted, civilised, exploited by traders and missionaries, comes out in pimple politics and has sudden collapses into apathy or riot. That emergent period is always too near us and indeed so often is carried on into what is called maturity, that the average autobiography breaks down between 13 and 20. It might be better—and there is, after all, an awful glut of early childhoods in contemporary literature—if writers decided to face the real difficulty and began their autobiographies at their 13th year.

Mr. H. L. Mencken is one of the confirmed de-bunkers who has ended by creating a special bunk of his own: caustic and facetious common sense. He has cautiously kept to the first dozen years of savagery. He is, of course, a sentimentalist and *Happy Days* has the cheerful brutality and elaborate periphrasis of the Mark Twain tradition. He and his brothers, like another generation of Huck Finns and Tom Sawyers, "infest" the respectable Baltimore of the eighties, are rapped into shape by their German American schoolmasters, put in their places by their German grandfather, join gangs, escape from cops, overeat, indulge the pestilential curiosity of small boys. "A larva of the bourgeoisie" he opposes the sentimentalities and hard luck stories of left wing autobiography with the traditional and sardonic humours of "the tough American boy" school of writing. He is the credulous if healthy young puppy living in a world of wonderful cranks and he assumes in his studies—"First Steps in Divinity," "Recreations of a Reactionary," "Cops and their Ways"—the air of anthropological satire. This humour is the natural successor to the kind which goes in for describing trivialities in long words, the nasal humour of the sarcastic schoolmaster. Here he is on livery stables:

> In the Aurignacian epoch of Baltimore the favourite bivouac and chapel-of-ease of all healthy males of tender years was the neighbourhood livery stables. . . .

Perhaps Mr. Wodehouse's popularity in America is due to this Twainishness.

Mr. Mencken's father was a cigar manufacturer. This was an easy occupation, requiring about 2 hours work a day "testing samples"; after that there was the newspaper, a mad private passion for statistical conundrums and the working out of elaborate practical jokes. Baltimore at this time worshipped alcohol, but also went in strongly for religious sects especially among the negroes—there was a Watch-Your-Step Baptist Chapel—and this stirred up the local Huck Finns: "Once in a while a boy whose people had family prayers and who thus hated religion would heave a dead cat over the fence into an open air meeting and run down the alley yelling 'Fire.'"

If the Menckens tired of the Bismarckian German relatives with their beer and family judgments in the summer house, there were the coloured people who produce just the kind of drooling eccentric admired by schoolboys. One of these, "the philosopher" Wesley, is a rich portrait of an artless and highbrow negro malingerer. He appears to have laid the foundations of Mencken's life-long scepticism by his metaphysical enquiries in the alley at the back of Hollins Street. Wesley had the short answer to the question:

> What is truth? "Truth is something that only damned fools deny." "How to detect the damned fools?" "By the fact that they deny it."

The material of Mr. C. E. Vulliamy's *Calico Pie* is far less gaudy and follows no humorous convention like Mr. Mencken's. Mr. Vulliamy is a cultivated writer with a quiet sadistic eye for the comedies of life among the "sub wealthy." He was born among these in Wales and the best things in the book are his notes on Edwardian follies in the Welsh provincial towns and watering places. This is an observant and considered narrative, very faithful in its self-portrait of a trying and clever adolescent growing up among the stuffier kind of Edwardian gentry. It was probably far worse to be born with brains among the rich in those times, than among the poor. . . . With their croquet and archery parties, the drawing-room ballads, their thundering Tory politics, they were the successors of the people Francis Kilvert has described in his diary. By Mr. Vulliamy's time the virtues of Kilvert's Victorians had been diluted and many writers have confirmed Mr. Vulliamy's judgment on the Edwardians:

> To have been an adolescent in such a period was a misfortune in any case, and in view of the odd circumstances of my life it was perilous indeed. All the rude honesty of our race was evaporating in the aridity of pretence. Nothing was genuine. There was a revival both of licentiousness and of hypocrisy, without any redeeming features of grace or parade. It was a period of ebb, a period of starch and emptiness. We had no comic songs, displayed an unbelievable insipidity. Even the vulgar were impotent. Even the purity of original sin was contaminated. Short as it was, the Edwardian age, like the Regency, had its own definite character; a character that was almost invariably hollow, synthetic, ridiculous and ignoble.

Mr. Vulliamy got away from the suffocating snobberies of county life to make trouble among the artists in Cornwall. Uneducated, for he was too weakly for school, he had a job finding his level; but the "new women" helped the indeterminate young man quite a lot. He was cut out by taste, training and temperamental malice for the intellectual life. After Cornwall there was the war, with Sitwellian aunts urging him to avenge Nurse Cavell. The flavour of Mr. Vulliamy's character is hard to describe, but it is subtle, eccentric and absorbed—his odd eighteenth century passion for skulls and bones, for example, which drove him to Welsh archæology and also to the strangest and most macabre description of Gallipoli after the war was over that I have ever read—civilised but without highbrow posings.

Mr. R. M. Lockley, the bird watcher, has picked a very odd bird in Dan Owain. He is an old man with a long yarn to tell about the places "out there where men are men" and who, running from home in his teens, joined the British Army in its heroic days of Omdurman, the Matabele and the Boer War. In his off time he worked for big game hunters, in Wales was a fighting gamekeeper, in Canada the frost-bitten farmer. Mr. Lockley has taken the story down from the old man's lips just as he spoke it and the result is some diverting English: "I hope these things are as straight as the facts I have given. Myself, I have always loved truth—everything I have said in that book is in the best of my recollection. I had a sister who used to spend her days eating cloves and reading friction stories, she was a real humdinger for friction." The smell of your life will be

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More Sketches of Kenya. By LORD BADEN-POWELL OF GILWELL, O.M. *Macmillan.* 3s. 6d.

The Great Tabu. By L. PATRICK GREENE. *Harrap.* 5s.

Trooper Takes Command. By L. PATRICK GREENE. *Harrap.* 5s.

Lean Brown Men. By MICHAEL BURT. *Ward Lock.* 7s. 6d.

The New Carthaginians. By DORIS TWINN. *R.T.S.* 5s.

Mary Stuart, Young Queen of Scots. By MILDRED CRISS. *Harrap.* 6s.

The Shabby Cavalier. By DORA JONES. *R.T.S.* 5s.

When is the main body of juvenile fiction going to make a perceptible move forward?

Each year one hopes. And each year, with a reliability which is becoming astronomical, that hope is dashed. I fear our disappointment is with us again. War or no war, the authors and publishers are maintaining something very like business as usual—only too usual. Our world may be in ferment, but our annual accumulation of juveniles still depict, in vigorous line-drawing and exclamatory narrative, the good old world of the open spaces. Here, for our Christmas comfort, is an Africa which knows not Mussolini, and in which the beneficent rule of the Englishman cannot conceivably be disturbed by anything less than a fanciful revolt of natives; a Frontier which ignores the problems of the sub-continent pressing upon it from behind; and a bygone world-which-never-was of cavaliers talking like Sir John Martin-Harvey.

Some of us like to think that, in spite of awkward symptoms to the contrary, English people have made some progress in their ideas and sympathies since 1914. There seems to be an increasing recognition, if still confined to a minority, that there are other races besides the British. Some of us question the definition of a "loyal" native as one who sides with us in exploiting his countrymen, and we challenge the custom of excluding from historical stories all persons below a certain income—except of course the ever-useful "mob" and the old retainer who saves the hero's life at the risk of his own.

Adult fiction reflects the changes in public opinion since 1914: juvenile fiction doesn't. While our school-teachers struggle manfully to prepare children for the world of—shall we say 1945?—the story-books condition them for a certain limited but comfortable corner some forty years before.

Baden-Powell is the personification of this spirit. Here he is again, the grand old schoolboy, preserving into the eighties the mentality and humour of the Fourth Form. He writes of the animals and natives (very much in that order of importance) still surviving in Kenya. "A land for animal-lovers" he calls it, going on to advise his readers: "So when you come out here to Africa and go shooting buffalo, make sure that you shoot straight. . . ."

The natives are not there to be loved:

> We did not carry on the conversation very long, not because it wasn't interesting but because the deputation had evidently not had a bath since they were born and we had not brought our gas-masks with us.

Apart from his breezy humour, Lord Baden-Powell has some serious points to make. He is still keen to make propaganda for the Scouts, undeterred by the knowledge that, as an international movement, they now scarcely exist. He tells us, too, the sad tale of the two explorers in Tibet who collapsed at 18,000 feet, because of hearts weakened by smoking, but he makes no comment on the eminent non-smoker of Berchtesgaden. If you know a boy who thinks that Scouts are jolly good fun, he might like this book.

When we turn to L. Patrick Greene's two books we find something more likely to appeal to the modern boy. Here are exciting, vigorously written stories by a man who knows the country. Mr. Greene was for many years in the British South Africa Police. That means that you can't catch him out on details of scenery, native-names, and such-like. *Trooper Takes Command* is about Trooper Useless, a character apparently known already to some of the juvenile public. *The Great Tabu* describes a young Englishman, brought up from birth among natives and protected by being made a "tabu person." Grown-up, he combines all the best native qualities with the natural superiority of the white man. He is thus able to frustrate a big rising inspired by the belief that Lobenguela has returned to lead his people against the British. I am sorry that Mr. Greene took that rather shabby theme. It was handled, once for all, by John Buchan in *Prester John*. Anyhow, if Africa *is* the continent of adventure, why fall back on all these imagined conspiracies? Why not the true story of Lobenguela—and if Mr. Greene cannot stomach a native hero, why not write it from the viewpoint of those white men who took the part of the Matabele king against Rhodes? Our whole Empire story needs to be rewritten—from the other side. Meanwhile, when will Mr. Greene or some one else give us a story of contemporary or recent adventure in, say, Ethiopia?

Lean Brown Men is another of those books which are difficult to criticise because they are so indisputably written by men with first-hand knowledge of the subject, in this case the North-West Frontier. It is not strictly a juvenile book, though it will appeal no doubt to the older Public Schoolboy who is hoping, if he is not old enough to get into the present show, to proceed to Sandhurst and get ready for the next. Field-Marshal Lord Birdwood contributes a foreword in which he says:

> In these sad days, when fighting is so largely the trade of the technician and the propagandist, and war has become a vast, impersonal business . . . many will find it restful and refreshing to let their minds rove back to the "little wars" of other days. . . .

Suitable reading, one might almost say, for the shelter. Except that *Lean Brown Men*, while possessing quite a pleasant vein of humour, has not the urgent unity of a novel suited for shelter-reading. It is rather a series of short stories, linked by a common setting and character. Despite the colourful jacket, suggesting a sheet of designs for toy-soldiers, it will not grip the really young.

There is no doubt about the public aimed at by *The New Carthaginians*. It concerns four child-detectives on bicycles hunting a lost tapestry which is of great political significance to Euralia, which is itself (note the old-fashioned touch) a democratic republic somewhere in Europe. The children call themselves Carthaginians because they have taken the elephant as their badge (Hannibal, you know) and because

all their excursions from the South Coast town in which they are staying involve climbing over the Downs (Alps—see ?). It is quite a sprightly story, with the dialogue rather brisker than the action. There is, I regret to say, a comic Frenchman who might have come from *Ici On Parle Français*.

Let me confess that I groaned when I saw *Mary Stuart, Young Queen of Scots*. How tired one gets of that beautiful but tedious woman! When I opened it and saw Miss Rose Chavanne's excellent illustrations, I changed my tune. When I peeped at the end of the book, and saw to my inexpressible relief that the story ends with Mary's return to Scotland, after the death of her first husband—and that I could therefore read straight ahead knowing that there would be no more of those scenes at Holyrood and Fotheringay, no harrowing hesitations over the death-warrant and no pathetic pre-executionary passages—I turned back to the beginning and *read* straight ahead.

If our young moderns are to read tales of Kings and Queens (and it is inverted snobbery to ignore monarchs in an age when royal personalities mattered), then let us have books like this. Miss Criss has studied her subject. She writes well, with modern dialogue but without jarring anachronisms. Her artist has been at pains not merely to illustrate the story but to provide, tactfully and unobtrusively, pictures which show the costumes, buildings, and vehicles of the time. I hope lots of schools, as well as parents, will buy this book.

The Shabby Cavalier is not so good. It is a novel of the exiled Royalists on the Continent, just prior to 1660. It has running through it what the publishers call "the bright thread of loyalty to family and king." In other words, it helps to perpetuate sympathy for the exiled aristocrat. It has all the clichés. People "die like gentlemen" and lovers, at parting, say: "This is good-bye." One character "took the thin hand that lay on the coverlet, kissed it, and went out." When the story gets mysterious, they say: "Hush, no names . . ." and when it becomes exciting they shout: "Never mind me. Run. All is known!" I fancy the book, accompanied by a box of soft chocolates, would make a most acceptable gift to a young niece on a wet afternoon. GEOFFREY TREASE

BABAR AND OTHERS

Babar and Father Christmas. By JEAN DE BRUNHOFF. *Methuen.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

A Day at the Sea. By HELEN and MARGARET BINYON. *Oxford Press.* 1*s.*

Professor Porky. By HUGH HEATON. Illustrated by H. E. M. SELLEN. *Faber.* 2*s.* 6*d.*

Madame Hen and Little Horace. By HUGH HEATON. Illustrated by H. E. M. SELLEN. *Faber.* 2*s.* 6*d.*

Albert, the Camel's Son. By HUGH HEATON. Illustrated by H. E. M. SELLEN. *Faber.* 2*s.* 6*d.*

Jeek. By G. E. STUDDY. *Hamish Hamilton.* 5*s.*

Diggery-Dogs. By M. K. MOUNTAIN. *Oxford Press.* 2*s.*

Mudlarks. By VERNON STOKES and CYNTHIA HARNETT. *Collins.* 5*s.*

Ride a Cock-Horse, and Other Nursery Rhymes. Illustrated by MERVYN PEAKE. *Chatto.* 5*s.*

The Happy Colt and Other Verses. By WILFRID THORLEY. Illustrated by A. H. WATSON. *Harrap.* 3*s.* 6*d.*

Lady Arabella's Birthday Party. By MARGARET and MARY BAKER. *Blackwell.* 4*s.*

Pinocchio, Walt Disney's Version. *Collins.* 5*s.*

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too much to choose from. But on looking inside the coloured covers and turning over the pages, a sad feeling of disappointment begins to creep over one. There is so much in these books that should have been left out—the long words used facetiously, the unappealing descriptions, the jokes written from a grown-up point of view and which really poke fun at the childishness of children. Children are not amused by expressions like "seldom edifying" or "repays investigation" or "one expected to discern" (from *Albert, the Camel's Son*), and they pass into an absent trance and fail to react when they hear that the light of a star "formed a shimmering pathway to a tiny village, and painted its humble roofs with stardust" (*Pinocchio*). In the effort to keep such superfluities out of their books, many high-minded writers of children's stories reduce their work to a level of bleakness where nothing happens and no spark is set to the imagination at all. (This is the trouble with *A Day at the Sea*, a nice and very cheap present for children from two to four, with cheerful flat pictures.) But such an extreme is not necessary in the least. There is plenty of material that could be drawn upon—an infinite range and variety of jokes, of fantasy, drama, imagination and excitement.

After this general grumble it is nice to be able to say that the last book of the much-lamented Jean de Brunhoff, *Babar and Father Christmas*, ought to be given to every child from three to seven, and can absolutely be counted on to delight him. If it is not the best of the Babar books it is well up to standard, and introduces some delightful new characters. The pictures are as pretty as ever, and made even more gay by an unusually winning Father Christmas, while the narrative style, direct and graphic in the tradition of Defoe, is a model to all. There are various ways of treating the animal heroes of children books. Babar's very great charm is partly human and partly elephantine, and he potters round his garden or rides a bicycle in his familiar green suit like an elderly Victorian gentleman. The Peter Rabbit Books are excellent examples of this anthropomorphous method, but three new books which have the air of emulating them are not so successful. The animal heroes of *Professor Porky, Albert, the Camel's Son*, and *Madame Hen and Little Horace* have a flavour of the music-hall artiste about them, with their pinkish noses and disjointed antics, and I for one do not like to be reminded of Nervo and Knox by pictures of camels turning somersaults or rabbits in big boots and braces. As for *Jeek*, a new dog produced by the creator of "Bonzo," his mistress when asked what breed he was answered: "He is nothing really, just his very own self," yet there he is as plain as anything the living image of George Robey, and the children to whom he belongs are principal girls and boys.

Leaving these all too human creatures, at the very opposite extreme there is *Diggery-Dogs*, about an animal friend whose doggy qualities (shaggyness, whimsicality, etc.) are made the most of, like those of the Aberdeen terriers in advertisements for cigarettes. Nothing human about Diggery. This book would please an animalarian child of four to eight, and so would *Mudlarks*, a straightforward story about two dog-loving children, against a background of boats, sailors and mudflats, plentifully illustrated with pictures in colour-wash. They are proletarian children, whose father couldn't afford a dog-licence for their pet, Rosie, and the story describes their efforts to get one.

In the world of fantasy there is *Ride a Cock-Horse*, with its macabre and imaginative pictures illustrating twelve familiar nursery rhymes and two unfamiliar ones. Mervyn Peake is a very singular artist, and his drawings make an eerie and indelible mark on the mind, raising strange echoes of the Snark and George Macdonald with a spice of Yellow Book added. His production for last Christmas, *Captain Slaughterboard*, must have sown the seeds of many nightmares, but *Ride a Cock-Horse* is much less horrific and more attractive. I have never seen Little Jack Horner sitting in half so fascinating a corner. It can be recommended for children from five to eight with visual and imaginative interests. Another book of poetry, *Happy Colt*, contains verses about animals, flowers and children, written with the humour and whimsy of *Punch*. *Lady Arabella's Birthday Party* has, like all the Misses Baker's books (and they are, I believe, very popular), a simply told story illustrated with silhouettes. It would suit little girls of five to seven, but most boys would find it boring. There is, too, another admirable solution for the problem of what to give the five- to nine-year-olds—*Pinocchio*. No need to describe Walt Disney's pictures, nor doubt what a success they will be, much as they lose by lack of motion. Older children may prefer the original version, but this one is not disagreeably Americanised and a very good five-shillingsworth.

Congratulations to the publishers of all these books for keeping their prices so very moderate.

FRANCES BIRD

SIX, SEVEN, EIGHT

Red Letter Holiday. By VIRGINIA PYE. *Faber and Faber.* 7s. 6d.
Mystery at Penmarth. By RUTH MANNING-SANDERS. *Collins.* 7s. 6d.
The Curious Lobster. By RICHARD W. HATCH. *Jonathan Cape.* 7s. 6d.
The Curious Lobster's Island. By RICHARD W. HATCH. *Jonathan Cape.* 7s. 6d.
The Belgian Twins. By LUCY FITCH PERKINS. *Jonathan Cape.* 3s. 6d.
The Flahertys of Aran. By AGNES C. LEHMAN. *Harraps.* 5s.
The Seasons and the Gardener. By H. E. BATES. *Cambridge University Press.* 6s.
Out With Romany Once More. By ROMANY OF THE B.B.C. *London University Press.* 5s.

I am surprised at the liberties taken with children: at the slyness, the sentimentality, the patronage, the pomposity and the slovenly writing that they are expected to enjoy. So many false attitudes to children and their relationships with adults are exploited in these books that it is hard to know where to begin, or where to be most indignant. Except for the two nature books even the best of them is not good enough to make up for the indignities of the others. There has been so much chat about children during the last twenty years or so, about their health, their education and their amusement; so much apparently honest endeavour to allow them privacy and independence without responsibility, experiment without strain and spiritual freedom without the intrusive chorus of a moral code, that it is not surprising to find that people are thoroughly muddle-headed about them. And perhaps not surprising to find that in the most enlightened families it is the adults who strive to be understood by a sensible, kind but callous offspring.

Red Letter Holiday is a bright book about a bright family. Any child who has an interest in communal seaside holidays (and especially a lonely, youngish schoolgirl) would find it enthralling. There are several good adventures and the one about the steam-roller, though unconvincing, is splendidly inventive. Johanna makes an attractive know-all with a bit too much bounce and the children's conversation is very well observed. But oh, the professional class atmosphere. And how terrifying it is to realise that Mrs. Price, that sensible, moderate, jolly, reasonable but endearingly slatternly mother, is the real heroine and point of the book, though

she does spend half of it in hospital with a broken head: "Mrs. Price always meant to leave more spare time for oddments, and not to do things in a rush, but somehow she could not bear to shorten any enjoyment by five minutes . . . the head mistress was rather that sort herself and loved the country." What business have remarks of this kind in a children's book? If they want such comments on grown-ups let them read mother's copies of Miss Compton Burnett or find amongst themselves a modern Daisy Ashford.

The attitude to adults in *The Mystery at Penmarth* is more healthy. The Aunt is sympathetic but preoccupied, the uncle is unimaginative and rather bad-tempered except about his own affairs and the parson is a caricature, but a simple one. The adventure has the usual Cornish ingredients; secret passages, smugglers, mysterious bold and bad ancestors, a doomed succession, child-murder, a lot of mouldering tapestries in the inevitable north wing and a collection of inquisitive, persevering children. But how maddening is the attitude of the child recounter of the adventure. She constantly addresses her readers with remarks like, "If you know what I mean" and "before we parted from him, Sam said a very exciting thing, but I won't tell you about that until I come to it," as if she had learnt the art of story-telling from an inferior Italia Conti. If children are interested they are interested and don't need coaxing over every page—if not they go away. There is also a good deal of Cornish legend and custom sprinkled about the book, but done with so fay an air and with so much emphasis on the blazing blue eyes of Sam, the boy with the elfish look about him; that any sensible child would skip it. If Mrs. Manning-Sanders could stop trying to interest the children she would be able to invent some really convincing childish characters—Sally is almost real, and so is Jim.

What is one to think of *The Curious Lobster* books? Again it is a usual theme. Three animals, a lobster, a badger and a bear, enjoy a series of adventures. A very good theme too, and one which, as is proved by the continual enjoyment of Beatrix Potter's books, is always welcome. But alas, these innocent-seeming books are not really written for children at all, but for the grown-ups who read them aloud. Every other word is a cute comment on adult behaviour, or a smart new proverb. "Oh, it is quite simple," said Mr. Badger, "a picnic means not eating your food at home, but wrapping it up and taking it away and eating it somewhere you would never think of eating it naturally. It takes twice as much work as a regular meal, you have to carry it so far." Would your six year old appreciate the subtlety of that? Or of this? "All creatures as smart as I am can't help having ideas," Mr. Badger said chuckling, "all smart creatures have ideas. You'd better look out if you don't have any. It is a bad sign." One longs for the simple dignity of Babar's grown-up behaviour, busy, natural, serious and gay.

The Belgian Twins is a little better. It is one of a series originally published in America, now all done here, about the lives of children in different countries. It is simply, if a little sweetly, written, informative without being dull, and the adventure, though unlikely, is based on what actually happened to two Belgian children during the last war. *The Flahertys of Aran* tries to do the same thing, but there is an inclination to floweriness and a lack of ease in the writing that make the geography lesson irritating instead of natural. "There is so little grass that you hardly see it on account of the prevailing stoniness." Irishisms litter not only the conversations, but the descriptive text as well, so they do.

The two nature books are admirable. *The Seasons and the Gardener* is full of facts; simple

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RIDER

and not condescending, and enthusiastic enough to convert even an indifferent child. It is delightful to handle, and Mr. Tunnicliffe's illustrations are excellent. *Out With Romany Once More* has the same straightforward quality. Romany's and Tim's bird and animal watching is practical, adventurous, patient and not boring. There is a lack of elegance about both the writing and the appearance of the book, which does not matter; but thank goodness for ordinary line drawings and photographs, mixed.

It would be rather nice to be allowed to call children "young people" once again so that one could forget the observation holes in the nursery wall and the succession of educational toys and talking animals that lead with such gentle steps to the real hammer and the grown-up book.

MYFANWY PIPER

MURDER OF A DENTIST

One Two, Buckle My Shoe. By AGATHA CHRISTIE. *Collins.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

A Gentleman Hangs. By JOHN DOLLOND. *Longmans.* 8*s.*

All is Vanity. By JOSEPHINE BELL. *Longmans.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

Exit to Music. By NEAL SHEPHERD. *Constable.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

The Man in the Moonlight. By HELEN MCCLOY. *Hamish Hamilton.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

Death of a Cad. By JOHN BUDE. *Robert Hale.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

The People Ask Death. By GEORGE DYER. *Heinemann.* 8*s.*

At last a dentist has been murdered! The concatenation of dangerous thoughts and desperate *personnel* presented by the average dentist's waiting-room has hitherto been strangely neglected by the detective fraternity. Perhaps the dentist's profession is too painfully like their own. He sends people daily to The Chair! And dog does not eat dog. Or is the experience of "Open wide" too like being murdered oneself to suggest the opposite? Or can their ingenious minds have been stumped for motive—with that drill hanging over their heads? Well, whatever the reason for neglect, this virgin territory has been left to Mrs. Christie to exploit.

One Two, Buckle My Shoe opens with Mr. Morley, the dentist, in a bad temper at breakfast. At 11 o'clock he has an appointment with Poirot, stopping three teeth painlessly in half an hour! (Oh! why must *such* a dentist be killed?) Before lunch he is dead; and before nightfall one of his patients is dead. Mrs. Christie constructs a brilliant problem with these materials, but to do so she allows all verisimilitude to go by the board. You will meet some strange chessmen in that dentist's waiting-room, masquerading as samples of humanity—a lady missionary from India, a wild-eyed American, a pillar of international finance, a retired civil servant, a Greek gentleman with the ambiguous name of Amberiotis, and even dear Colonel Arrowbumby, related to the Blimps. Readers will be well advised to disregard the make-up and treat these pieces candidly as rooks, bishops, knights and pawns. Furthermore, the problem is to mate in three moves, not two; and I need not hesitate to add that, as usual with Mrs. Christie, the key move has to be made by the knight. Even so the task is difficult, since the identity of the knight is elaborately, even fantastically, disguised; and I must point out in the interests of fair play that there are some moves of which even knights, with all their wayward hops, are incapable, such as that mentioned at the bottom of page 242. As for motive, if anyone is in doubt as to what constitutes a legitimate motive for murdering a dentist (beyond the obvious one of postponing the agony) I would point out in a riddle that the best reason for killing anyone is to prevent him killing you—an unpleasant action, for which in certain circumstances dentists are peculiarly qualified.

Mr. John Dollond is an unfamiliar name and *A Gentleman Hangs* appears to be his first exercise in detection; in which case the achievement is all the more creditable. The title understates the case; as a matter of fact three gentlemen hang—by their braces and mostly behind bathroom doors! The plot by itself is excellent, and by the time the third gentleman is found hung and the author delivers the time-honoured "challenge to the reader" it would be a bold spirit who could say for certain who killed whom, let alone "how." "Why" is the least difficult question to answer, since Mr. Dollond is a tidy writer and has dropped some plain hints on that subject. The setting for all these hangings is pre-war Mayfair, where boys will be Old Boys and wear the old school colours even on their braces and in the dock. My only complaints against this exceptionally well-constructed book are the padding and the hero's name. The padding is voluminous recapitulation of evidence chapter after chapter by the hero and his friends. Fortunately it can be skipped as it is inserted in solid chunks. The hero's name is Smiling; and it is impossible for him to smile at the beginning of a sentence without confusion.

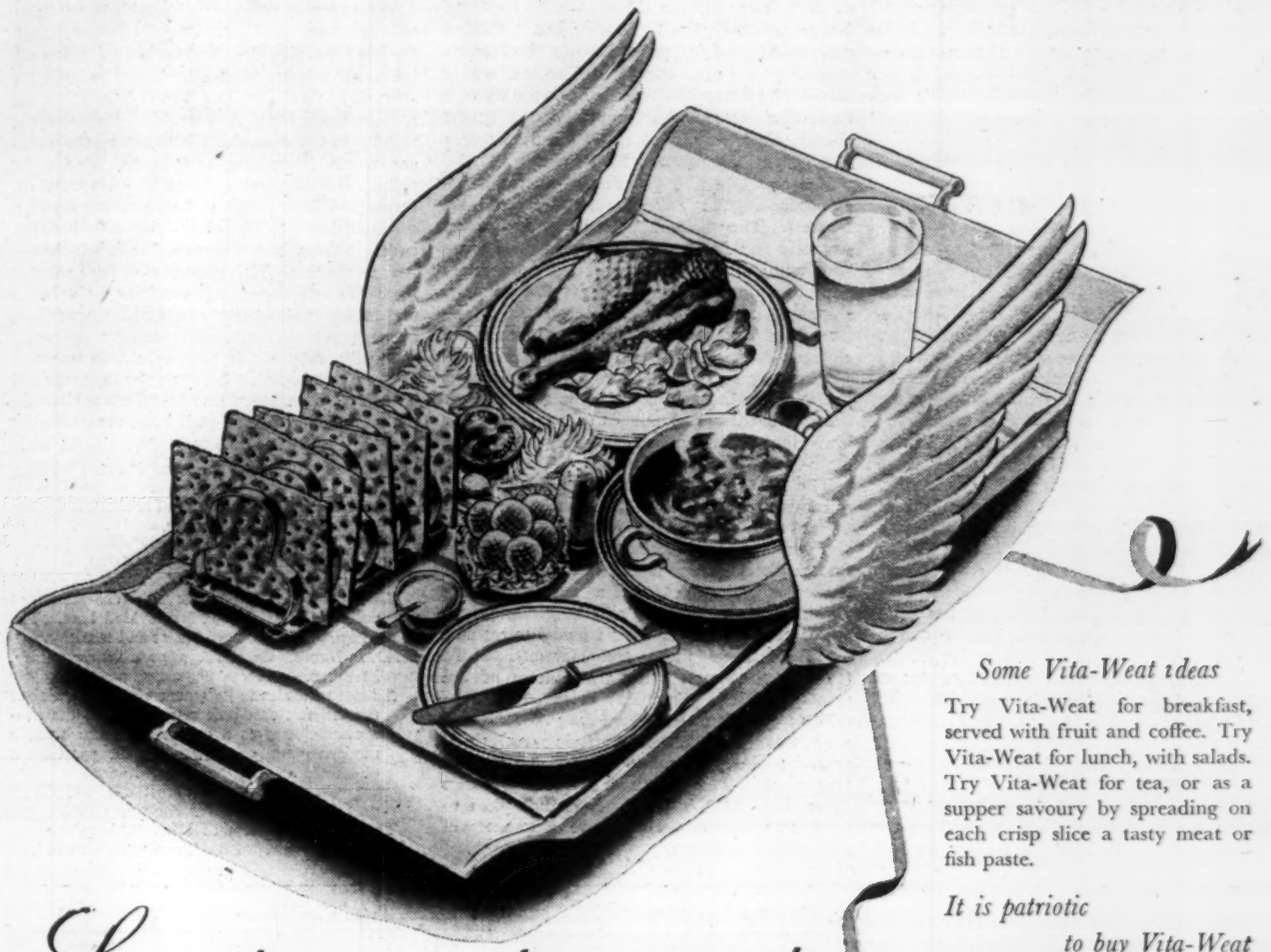
Miss Bell returns to detection in *All is Vanity*, but only for a polite visit, or so I imagine. Once she has snuggled into the seductive slippers of novel-writing she will find the boots of detection hard and cramping to put on again. Throughout *All is Vanity* she tiptoes uncomfortably on the gravel of the clues and gallops light-heartedly over the grass of the characters with her boots off. Consequently the detective area of the plot is dull and rather obvious; while the corpse in the shrubbery of a *nouveau riche* mansion in Sussex provides the authoress with scope to point fun at the bourgeoisie and contrast the true gentility of David Wintringham and his Jill. (There is a touch of Mrs. Miniver about Miss Josephine Bell, which will stand her in good stead once she settles down to give the upper middle classes a good opinion of themselves.)

"Tandy was no lover of speed for its own sake," says Mr. Shepherd, and I believe him. *Exit to Music* is the fourth of the Tandy series, and if anything the pace is slowing up. The plot has an appearance of complexity to justify Tandy's sluggish cerebration, but on analysis is very simple, far too simple. The most original idea in the book is to make a man die from blowing a clarinet. Tandy is supposed to have a mind like a scientific steam-hammer, and he ought to be given something larger than a hazel nut to crack in slow motion.

Superfluous complications again figure largely in *The Man in the Moonlight*, the murder of a refugee scientist at an American university. I always like a campus murder, but I found it hard to like this one. Still there is some pleasure to be got from watching a lie-detector in action. The motive for the crime proves to be such an outrage to reason that even the preceding psychological mumbo jumbo has not prepared one for it. As for the man in the moonlight, he was just the criminal whom everyone was being too psychological to recognise.

Murder on the stage is also a favourite of mine, but *Death of a Cad* does not win a first prize. The book has moments of excitement and long periods of inaction. The criminal looms large, and the crime itself is committed with—well, let us say the foulest weapon in the armoury of detection. There is a code, for people who like to solve such things; and some strange long flat marks in the mud where there should have been footprints, the reason for which nobody will guess.

By contrast *The People Ask Death* is a very smooth narrative of the Erle Stanley Gardner



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type. Buzz Drake, a wise-cracking San Francisco reporter, is framed for the murder of a Police Commissioner in a swimming-pool. The evidence against him is overwhelming until the Catalyst Club get to work. The trial scene occupies over a third of the book and is as dramatic as these Californian trials always are. The hero, in the role of defence lawyer, is adequate, but no Perry Mason.

RALPH PARTRIDGE

CHRISTMAS CARDS

WE have been given a more or less official sanction to send out Christmas cards, earlier but as usual. If there is any cutting down to be done, one might begin by striking off the list names that only appear out of a sense of duty. The energy that in previous years was wasted in choosing politely for acquaintances might go this time to matching more meticulously the tastes of our friends. Or our own taste.

For the right person a card from the British Museum, the National Gallery or Wallace Collection catalogues must inevitably come first. We have been debarred for fifteen months from looking at any of the originals, so that a miniature Breughel or Botticelli is now doubly welcome. The B.M. maintains its previous list, from which all, even the eccentric, may pick plums. The National Gallery has even greater abundance. One tends here to search out the lesser known: Avercamp's *Winter Scene*, a tree, a few houses, a crowd of skaters under a delicate white and blue haze, delicious; *The Legend of St. Giles*, early fifteenth-century, with the saint on a hillside resting his stabbed hand on a fawn's back while two visitors kneel in front; Piero della Francesca's *Nativity; The Angel Raphael and Tobias*, School of Verrocchio—especially charming; all these are in colour. The best National Gallery card of all is perhaps the Botticelli *Nativity*, and those who do not pick this will be tempted by the detail in monochrome (Virgin, child, cattle in a cave-mouth) which "comes out" with a difference; other monochromes include a charming head of an angel from *The Madonna of the Girdle*, Matteo di Giovanni. From the Wallace Collection (less widely popular) one might choose, in a variety of moods, a Lancret, a Boucher, a Reynolds or a Rubens.

Messrs. Ward have nearly everything—especially in the way of gaiety—except Old Masters. The photographs of ballet by Gordon Anthony and Merlyn Severn prove once more how admirably camera and dance combine, and there are other photographs—animals, shipping, snow landscape, fanciful still life—almost as attractive. With some daring the eupeptic nature of a modern Christmas is emphasised by a gay portrait of a chef and by a poster design in four colours of beer-mug, pipe, draughtsboard and dominoes (Clarke Hutton). Two glimpses of mythical creatures, unicorn and a sea-horse, also catch the eye.

The Medici Society give more room to the religious tableau (Botticelli, Raphael), landscape (Peter de Wint's *Deal Road*) and modern and less successful variants, but frivolity also finds a place. There is even a card with khaki figures and doggerel, and a tennis greeting wishing the recipient a "smashing new year."

For connoisseurs of their friends' tastes and of Taste itself there are Heywood Hill's (17 Curzon Street) cards with pieces of old prints stuck on. Samples: coloured print of shrike; anti-clerical cartoon, *école de Rowlandson;* two ballet-dancers fluttering real tinsel scarves; children and toboggan from the 1*d.* tray marked "Hildesheimer's and Faulkner's Prize Design." Those who cannot yield to Christmas except with bizarre elegance will find satisfaction here.

BOOKS WORTH BUYING

IN making this selection of books which have received particular praise in our columns during the last year, I have had to be guided primarily by considerations of space. To have included everything worth reading would have made the list intolerably long. Instead I have had in mind a rough distinction between books which are worth borrowing and books which—the price of books being what it is—are worth buying. There ought to be some word which distinguishes "journalism bound between covers" from books proper, books which will bear re-reading. This puritan view has excluded from the selection many excellent light books and many transitorily important ones; and perhaps not all that remain deserve the name "book." Any list is personal: this one is a kind of collaboration between the compiler and THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION'S reviewers; the comments beneath each book are quoted or adapted from their notices. T. C. W.

R. A. WILENSKI. *Modern French Painters.* Faber 30*s.*
A complete history and critical account of French Painting from 1863 to 1939.

M. C. BRADBROOK and M. G. LLOYD THOMAS *Andrew Marvell.* Cambridge. 7*s.* 6*d.*
Such "defence" of Marvell's character and politics as was needed is provided here. The analysis of his poetry is exact and sensitive.

H. D. F. KITTO. *Greek Tragedy: a Literary Study.* Methuen. 15*s.*
A fresh unacademic judgment vivifies learning of the strictest academic standard. To the non-specialist it gives a coherent picture from a modern point of view. To the specialist it offers new starting-points for discussion.

GEORGE ORWELL. *Inside the Whale.* Gollancz. 7*s.* 6*d.*
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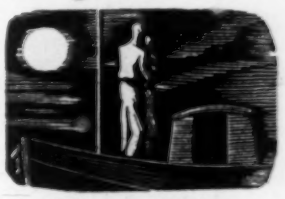

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THE war seems to be affecting my (at the best of times bad) memory; otherwise I should, I think, certainly have remembered that "The Prospect Before Us" consists of movements chosen from Boyce's symphonies, and not of pieces extraneous to those works. I apologise humbly, therefore, to Mr. Constant Lambert for making such a fool of myself. At the same time, in defence of my criticism of his suite, I must say I still hold the view that what amounts to three symphonies by so very minor a composer is rather a lot to be asked to listen to all at once. What may well seem "amiable" enough for eight minutes, comes to be tedious and empty when prolonged in the same vein for twenty-four.

November, 1940, is a fat month for records, the most considerable of the sets issued being the César Franck *Symphony in D minor* (Col.). This is a highly controversial work. While Donald Tovey—by far its most formidable advocate—calls it "this great masterpiece of clarity and breadth," other critics have considered it the most notorious example of all that a symphony should not be. The breadth any of them would concede, but clarity . . .? That the symphony has an elaborate shape is obvious; but, with all possible deference to Professor Tovey, I must admit that no amount of hearings have succeeded in making me see it as more beautiful than that of an *art nouveau* sideboard. The successful symphonist, it seems to me, must have something of the novelist's essential quality—must, that is to say, be able to do the equivalent of creating character in the invention and choice of thematic material. Now César Franck's was a nature fundamentally turned inwards and thus ill-adapted to seeing enough of the world as it is for the purpose in question. As if aware of this drawback, he sought (as in the Quartet) to get round it by superimposing on the sonata-form of the classical symphony a dramatic, quasi-tone-poem construction evolved from a misunderstanding of Beethoven's later procedure (especially in the Finale of the *Ninth Symphony*). Nothing but a deeply felt need for some desperate remedy can account for the appalling taste displayed by thrusting a wedge of the allegretto into the Finale, in which it is most

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unfairly made to appear like a poor little spinster who has put on her best blue and a string of beads for a party at which the company is wearing tiaras and decorations. The allegretto is formally the most satisfying movement, and it is here too that one least feels the force of Debussy's ill-tempered remark about a "modulating machine." In the first and last movements the chromaticism is indeed very sickly; yet the material is mostly so really noble and original, and the symphony contains so many powerful and convincing pages, that it compels a good deal of admiration in performance, dislike it though one may in retrospect. The new recording is so extremely good that it may well make converts to the work, as well as giving intense pleasure to its already large band of adherents. Sir Thomas Beecham knits the movements very skilfully, making the awkward construction as clear as possible, and the L.P.O. achieves a beautifully rich tone which takes the edge off even the loudest climaxes.

Latterday romantic music that derives from Tchaikovsky or Brahms on the whole dates less than music that derives from Wagner. Rachmaninoff, a case in point, seems to me an underrated composer, but few of his works is more likely to make you revise your bad opinion of him than his *First Piano Concerto in F sharp minor*. This, although marked op. I, is in fact almost his most recent work, having been entirely rewritten a few years ago. The themes, however, which are genuinely beautiful if rather flushed, must be the original ones and they exhibit strikingly the features of Tchaikovsky which Rachmaninoff soon afterwards obliterated by something more personal. The writing for the solo instrument is as brilliantly successful as you would expect and the orchestration the usual model of clarity. The concerto maintains its own standard to the end, though the development in the first movement and the construction of the last show a certain helplessness and poverty of imagination. The composer, seconded by Eugene Ormandy and the Philadelphia Orchestra (H.M.V.), gives a faultlessly splendid performance.

Until Toscanini took it up, it was seldom if ever that one heard Beethoven's *Leonora No. 2*. This overture was written for the 1805 production of *Fidelio*, and although it is clearly a sketch for *Leonora No. 3*, it differs from the latter in various interesting ways, as well as being in general less expensively designed. Musicians are advised to acquire these two 10-inch discs and to notice the development on side 3, with its wood-wind imitation recalling a later and more famous passage in the first movement of the *Ninth Symphony*. For the rest, the fanfare off-stage describes a different arabesque, and the final orchestral conflagration is slightly telescoped. This is one of the most successful of Toscanini's recent recordings (H.M.V.).

Le Carnaval Romain, if not among Berlioz's profoundest inspirations, is probably his most popular work in its kind. There are good reasons for this, since it is charmingly melodious, scintillating, gay and succinct. This latest recording, by Sir Henry Wood and the L.P.O. (Col.), is quite remarkably good in all its features and should make a most acceptable Christmas present. More definitely programmatic, Saint-Saëns' *Danse Macabre* (1874) displays its composer's qualities and defects to the full: it is, that is to say, arrestingly clever, well made and economical, but fundamentally commonplace—a flashy Academy picture painted in the feeblest imitation of the younger Breughel. The composer's professionalism, which led Busoni (who comprehensibly loathed amateurs) to overrate his music, in this respect made him akin to Richard Strauss in deplorable willingness to use any old grist that came to his mill. The new recording, by the Chicago Symphony Orchestra under Frederick Stock (Col.), is finely realistic, and the important solo violin part is admirably played.

Johann Strauss' *Wine, Women and Song* bears the for modern times stupefying opus number 333; but it is in fact one of the composer's most enchanting waltzes, and the extended introduction, which shows incidentally what a remarkable musician Strauss was, is especially interesting. It is unfortunate that this disc, by Weingartner and the Paris Conservatoire Orchestra (Col.), should be as harsh as the coarsest American recording.

Schubert's very curious *Divertissement à la Hongroise* for piano duet was written—possibly with one eye on the Esterhazys—after the composer's visit to Zelész in 1824. The work is in four movements and, in view of the rhythmic monotony that obtains throughout, it is perhaps better to say at once that it is emphatically too long—especially when, as here, the repeats are observed. The music, which is rather in the *Rosamunde* style, is of course extremely pretty, but it never attains the importance of some of the other duets, such as *Lebensstürme* and the *Grand Duo*. The first movement contains imitations of dulcimer effects. The performance, by the Schnabels, *père et fils* (H.M.V.), seems as nearly perfect as may be, and piano recording here touches a new high point: the dynamics are wonderfully managed and the *sforzandi* never "spill over."

Cortot and Thibaud once made an unforgettable recording (now out of date) of Fauré's early *Violin Sonata*; that was the ideal duo for rendering the tender flow of this limpid music. Heifetz (H.M.V.) plays it with easy sensuality, but his very virtuosity is here a drawback, because it does not accord with the mood of the music. Moreover the piano part, played by Emanuel Bay, sounds rather dead in tone and is in any case too consistently subservient to the violin. The same is not true of the *Suite Italienne* by Stravinsky and Piatigorsky, performed by Florence Hooton and Gerald Moore (Decca). Here the balance is much better, though the 'cellist occasionally makes rather heavy weather of music that must be played easily if it is to convey the intended charm. The suite consists, I should suppose, of pieces by a miscellany of eighteenth-century composers (Pergolesi? Cimarosa? Porpora?), but the Black Hand is perceptible in a number of harmonic malapropisms, some dreadful *tremoli* at the beginning of the Largo, and the accompaniment figure of the *Serenata*. Nevertheless, the inherent politeness of the originals manages to survive the raid.

Liszt's *Hungarian Rhapsodies* are a good deal less polite, but their uninhibited exhibitionism compels acquiescence. One would be inclined to rate them low in the scale of Liszt's achievement, yet they are unique and deserve a more finished performance—but not careful to the point of anxiety—than they usually get. No. 9 (*The Carnaval in Pesth*) has now been given an exceptionally fine and resonant recording by Louis Kentner (Col.). Less well known than its most notorious siblings, it is in some ways better worth knowing.

I cannot help thinking it a pity that Miss Dora Stevens should have selected William Walton's *Three Songs* (words by Edith Sitwell) to exhibit a type of voice better suited to a simpler voice-line and a more commonplace text. Moreover her technique is unequal to interpreting the rococo beauty of "Through Gilded Trellises," which I should like to hear sung by Miss Maggie Teyte. "Daphne" is pretty and "Old Sir Faulk" (much more pointful in this form than in the orchestral transcription) has humour and cleverness, but here the Black Hand of Stravinsky has thrust itself in again to smudge over Mr. Walton's native originality (Decca).

Lack of space compels me to be brief, though I would be vehement, in urging all readers to buy Miss Maggie Teyte's latest volume of

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RULES—

1. Envelopes should be marked with the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and should be addressed to COMPETITIONS, 10 Great Turnstile, W.C.1. Solutions must reach the Editor by first post on Monday, December 16.

2. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves the right to print in part or as a whole any matter sent in, whether it be awarded a prize or not. MSS. cannot be returned. When no entries reach the required standard no prize will be awarded.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 563

Set by Roderick Random

The usual prizes are offered for a ballad on the theme of *Tess of the D'Urbervilles*, *Tom Jones*, *Busman's Honeymoon*, *The Trial* (Kafka), *Crime and Punishment*, *Eric or Little by Little* or *Lady Chatterley's Lover* (limit 32 lines).

Report by Roderick Random

Lady Chatterley ran away with the competition and, particularly, put Lord Whimsey right out of court. He couldn't stand up to her. I wish there were more space to quote from the very high level of entries. I must content myself with congratulating the following on their entries: I. R. I. S. on Tom Jones, Glen Evans, V. C. Clinton Baddeley and Printemps on Lord Peter, Arland Nosher on Crime and Punishment, Beda, H. J. P. Sharpless and Guy Innes on Tess, Charles Furbanks and Jacuee on Lady Chatterley. The prize is divided between Gragge N.A.2 and "1580463," both entries from the Services, and I precede them with some selections from the others.

SELECTIONS

A lady loved her gamekeeper,
(*Hark to my tale, you cads*)
Though he wasn't the sort of chap for her.
(*Beyond the pale, you cads.*)

Her husband came of county folk,
(*Eton and King's, you cads*)
But was partly paralysed, poor old bloke.
(*Just one of those things, you cads.*)

Now the lady wanted a *grande affaire*,
(*Excuse my French, you cads*)
So she went to the keeper's woodland lair.
(*A forward wench, you cads.*)

And there they made their sinful bed,
(*Now keep it clean, you cads*)
And I couldn't repeat the things they said.
(*Pretty obscene, you cads.*)

The lady's conduct was rather rude;
(*No sense of shame, you cads*)
She ran in the woods completely nude.
(*Oh, play the game, you cads!*)

But after a month of woodland fun
(*Now follow me here, you cads*)
The lady became an expectant one.
(*Am I making it clear, you cads?*)

She wanted to marry the chap, of course,
(*For the sake of the brat, you cads*)
But the husband thundered, "No divorce."
(*And that was that, you cads.*) . . .

(Edgar Holt)

. . . The wind was chill and birds were few
When lo! From out the cover
A Keeper sprang and loudly cried,
"I'm Lady Chatterley's Lover!"

"And what of that, my man?" I said,
And coldly looked him over:
He barred my path and did repeat
"I'm Lady Chatterley's Lo-ver!"

I shook his hand from off my sleeve
And turned to shoot a plover;
The wretched man exclaimed again—
"I'm Lady Chatterley's Lover!"

"You have a one-track mind," I said,
"You bore me, and, moreover,
You're paid to guard the game and not
To be a Lady's Lo-ver!"

I shot him squarely through the heart
Before he could recover
Sufficient breath to state that he
Was Lady Chatterley's Lover.

And who that Keeper really was
I never did discover.
Of course there's just a chance that he
Was Lady Chatterley's Lover!

(Audrey Hyslop)

. . . I don't know if it was Comedy low, Tragedy or Farce
For he was a coarse gamekeeper and she was upper class.
But the lady was cracked about him and he was crazy too
And she quite forgot her position; that her husband was in "Who's Who."
She had had other lovers but none gave her such thrills
Though his language was simply filthy and his manners had no frills . . .
Some think their story's improper and some think it is sad
But, even when expurgated, his language was very bad
And though Sir Clifford Chatterley was naturally very vexed
He realised that both of them were rather oversexed.
And though Mellor, the gamekeeper, would gladly have made her wife,
I cannot feel they'd be happy if they settled down for life
And so Sir Clifford and Lady C— determined to separate
Her Ladyship deemed "The world well lost," but crikey, what a fate!
And the moral of the story is, it never can be right
For a high-class titled lady to mix with a village wight.

(Miss Lucie Milner)

ERIC

He was dumb, but he was pious,
Victim of the Old School Tie.
Cloistered at Saint Zacharias'
His one wish was soon to die. . . .

Then the devotees of cricket
Lured him to their fatal nets.
Being once caught at the wicket
He fell in with faster sets.

On the way from playing matches
They enticed him to the bar,
Where amid their drunken catches
He imbibed too much Three Star.

This was not enough. They taught him
How to enter Football Pools.
Once his anguished mother caught him
Running one on Public Schools! . . .

Later in the sad procession
(Startling at her time of life)
He approached an indiscretion
With the proud Headmaster's wife!

So they thrust him from the fountain,
From the academic shrine:
And he gained, by Turf Accountin,'
Cash, cigars, and lots of wine. . . .

(R. S. Jaffray)

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There was a Russian student, long before the revolution
Who studied, chiefly, how to save his talents from prostitution.
[Odd things beside he also tried, to make life less monotonous
E.G. "The Will," and "Time," and "God," and whether He's forgotten us.
But what Raskolnikof suffered from, just *entre nous*, was Claust-
rophobia Teutonica. You've got me, just like Faust.]
At last he had the Faustie thought [one night this came to pass
As he was seeking the horrible Truth in his horrible looking-glass]
That smaller fry as stepping-stones for genius are born.
And he thought of old Ivanovna who still had his Kant in pawn,
And realised that the likes of 'er could have no higher function
Than murder by the likes of 'im [Immanuel's own Injunction].
Effeminate, he chose The Axe [the House-Captain used to say
"Suaviter in modo, Rask-ie!—fortiter in re."]

Her stairs were old, and deathly cold, and deathly they did creak
As he went up, up, and up them—mentally—for at least a week.
Well it wasn't long before he went wrong; you know, in his upper-storey
Committing that crime every time he pawned things—à-priori.
Rehearsals lasted just three weeks, and when it came to the Show, sir,
He thought he'd try, for an alibi, to pawn his old Spinoza.

Well anyway he killed her; that's not frightfully important:
What *is*, though, is that afterwards he seemed to think he'd oughtn't!
And another irrelevant thing occurred, which quite boulverséd our hero:
Police suspicion, plus his condition, reduced his brains to zero.
In my original scenario [to give this more coherence]
Sonia, a tart and his lawful Ma make personal appearance
Till finally our philosopher, who wasn't much of a sport,
Pretends to Guilt! and thus betrays The Realm of Abstract Thought;
But finds again a Higher Plane [through having been inferior]
And metaphysic Grace at last, in Absolute Siberia.

The moral?—though he's exiled still, he's not the only one
Who tried like mad to carve a place for genius, in the sun.

"1580463"

LADY CHATTERLEY'S LOVER

His Lordship returned from Flanders
Apparently intact,
For the social eye does not normally see
What his Lordship really lacked.

But her Ladyship knew, and his Lordship knew
And her Ladyship grew sad;
But down in the woods she found the goods
She wished her husband had.

For how can talk about technique
And a tight-lipped kiss compare
With a rain-wet romp in the Autumn woods
With the damp leaves stuck in your hair?

"Why mix with the poor?" said his Lordship,
"And why do you take to your breast
A rabbit-garnished gamekeeper
When you know I do my best?"

"I love him for his masculine thighs
And the way his fingers flex;
He's a walking challenge to the clever books
On the technical side of sex."

He mayn't be dainty in speech and deed,
And he's brutal, at times, it's true;
But he feels far more of the urge of life
Than you smart phallics do."

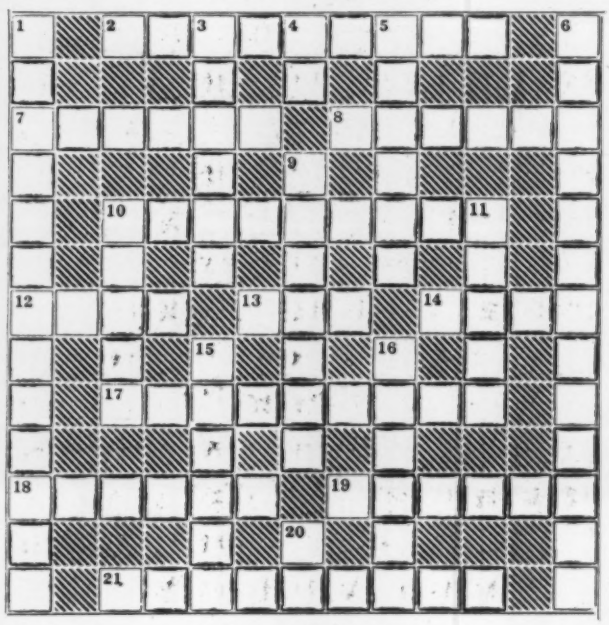
And it all finished up quite sadly,
And people died here and there;
And everything was pretty stark
And everyone was bare.

And if you say there's dirt in this,
I tell you it is there
Because there's dirt in all good earth
And art in pommes-de-terre.

(GRAGGE N.A.2)

WEEK-END CROSSWORD 10

Set by V. S.



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2. Will make a final call on one's best suit? (4 and 5)
7. Delicate proposal. (6)
8. A.F. & Co. (6)
10. Baronial seat? (9)
12. Go after It. (4)
13. "I am . . . at these numbers." (3)
14. Obtain the favour of four farthings if it can be raised. (4)
17. Upper House Hens? (9)
18. In honour! (6)
19. Somewhat filling for 6, a Scotchman's called it. (6)
21. Ja °n. (4 and 5)

DOWN

1. Busy waiting. (6 and 7)
3. Drink with caution when about to sin. (6)
4. Not one, none-the-less. (2)
5. Not just any brunette. (6)
6. Cured legs and almost all parts of the ladies of Endor. (3 and 10)
9. *rev.*† (7)
10 and 7. My brother-in-law's emolument. (5 and 6)
11. One of them is displayed as a silver hip-girdle. (5)
15. *rev.* Sambo's altogether. (6)
16. Abraham's home before destruction became civilised. (6)
20. Your leave is up, Big Boy. (2)

[Apology for last week: Clue 7 down, T, should have been end on, thus: ⊢]

LAST WEEK'S CROSSWORD

I	M	P	A	L	E	■	I	M	P	A	C	T
T	■	E	■	A	■	P	■	A	■	L	■	E
S	■	E	N	T	R	A	N	C	E	S	■	N
E	■	P	■	H	■	I	■	O	■	O	■	D
L	L	■	P	E	N	N	I	N	E	■	T	O
F	■	L	■	■	■	S	■	■	■	D	■	N
■	F	O	R	G	E	T	M	E	N	O	T	■
S	■	N	■	■	■	A	■	■	■	N	■	D
C	A	■	F	O	R	K	I	N	G	■	F	E
A	■	S	■	R	■	I	■	O	■	A	■	L
R	■	P	L	A	I	N	S	O	N	G	■	V
A	■	A	■	N	■	G	■	S	■	O	■	E
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THE WEEK IN THE CITY

By CYNICUS

GILT-EDGED RISE—OLD CONSOLS AS A SPECULATION—ODEON THEATRES

THERE is only one spark of life in the Stock Exchange to-day—the rise in the gilt-edged market. This has been attributed to the reinvestment of the money repatriated as a result of the last Canadian stock requisitioning. Old War Loan has been conspicuous with a rise to 102¾ and the "longs"—2½ per cent. Consols and Local Loans—have forged ahead more rapidly than the medium-dated stocks. There is some evidence to suggest that the Treasury is exercising its control of the market more thoroughly or toughly and is bringing pressure to bear upon the institutional investors, that is, the insurance companies, to reinvest all their available funds in Government stocks with the object of forcing the rate of interest to a still lower level. At the moment of writing, 2½ per cent. Consols at 76½ now yields only £3 5*s.* 6*d.* per cent., and I see no technical reason why this stock should not be forced up to 83½ to yield only 3 per cent. The Treasury would probably reach their next objective of a 3 per cent. long-term rate of interest if they were to issue a new war loan with a maturity attractive to the insurance companies. While the small investor has an outlet for his savings in the Post Office Savings Bank, Savings Certificates, 3 per cent. Defence Bonds and 3 per cent. War Loan, 1955/59, the institutional investors have no new War Loan with a maturity comparable with that of their average liabilities. The 2½ per cent. National War Bonds, 1945/47, are a "short" suitable only for a bank, 3 per cent. War Loan has risen over par to 100⅞ and has, therefore, only a 15-year potential life, while old 3½ per cent. War Loan has a potential life of only 12 years, being callable in December, 1952. What the insurance company is longing for is a 25- to 27-year loan. The nearest approach is Funding 3 per cent., 1959/69, which has now risen to 99½ to yield £3 0*s.* 9*d.* per cent. flat or £3 1*s.* 6*d.* per cent. to redemption. I suggest that the Treasury should consider a 3 per cent. 25-year loan at par or a 2¾ per cent. loan at an appropriate discount. Assuming that something of this order is on the way, 2½ per cent. Consols remains the best purchase in the market.

	Present Price	Flat Yield	Low Net Price 1931	% Below Present Price	High Net Price 1935	Percentage above Present Price
3½% War Loan, 1952 or after	102¾	£3 8 3	—	—	109½	6.7
3½% Conversion Loan, 1961 or after	102¾	£3 8 3	68½	33.3	111⅞	9.0
3% Local Loans ...	88⅞	£3 7 6	58½	34.5	97⅞	10.3
2½% Consols.	76½	£3 5 6	51½	33.0	94	23.3

Nothing like a "boom" can be worked up in the gilt-edged market, for banks will not lend for the purpose of stock market speculation, but a purchase of 2½ per cent. Consols should prove profitable. It is the only "speculation" which will benefit both Government and speculator.

* * *

As is often the case, a rise in the gilt-edged market has been accompanied by a fall in ordinary shares. To some extent this is a normal reaction after the sustained recovery which ordinary shares have enjoyed, but I hope it may also be read as a sign that the investor is realising that equity shares will give him no protection against an inflation during this war, and may actually involve him in considerable capital depreciation. *The Economist* analysis of company profits, based upon the returns of 428 companies published in the last quarter, revealed that although there was a slight increase in trading profits, net distributable profits had declined by 16.8 per cent. Their analysis also showed that the rate of earnings on share capital had been steadily falling this year. In the first quarter it was 11.6 per cent., in the third quarter 10.3 per cent., and in the last 9.9 per cent. The rate of trading profit is likely to fall much more sharply during the remainder of the war. It will be particularly severe in the consumption goods trades when the drastic rationing schemes now being prepared are put into operation. I have already suggested that the store shares are relatively over-valued, and I submit to the investor that he should exchange from Woolworth and Marks & Spencer into shares such as Stewarts & Lloyds, United Steel and Associated Electrical.

* * *

The Directors of Odeon Theatres were wise to pass their ordinary dividend for the year ending June last. After a decline of about 14 per cent. in their theatre profits, partly offset by an increase in investment income, net profits after taxation were down by about 33⅓ per cent. Mr. Oscar Deutsch at the general meeting referred to the acquisition on lease from the Paramount Company of seven important theatres in London and the provinces, as if it were a blessing. It is, of course, most unfortunate that the Company should have acquired the Paramount Astorias in London just before the outbreak of war, although these theatres may be an important asset in peacetime. If the *Blitzkrieg* begins to affect theatre takings in the important Midland towns as it has affected those in London, the war will fall hardly upon the big cinema circuits, whose overhead expenses and management fees are notoriously heavy. Odeon Theatres 5 per cent. Debenture Stock is quoted at 65 to yield 7.7 per cent., and the 6 per cent. Preference shares of £1 were last marked at 8*s.* 9*d.* The highly geared Ordinary shares of 5*s.* seem over-valued at the nominal price of 4*s.*

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At Christmastide our hearts go out to children. Particularly are our sympathies aroused for little ones whose lives are made almost unendurable by neglect, ill-treatment or other wrongs. You can ensure that they are made "Happy, like this little Boy" by supporting the N.S.P.C.C. "The Children's Guardian" protects over 100,000 boys and girls every year. Over 5,000,000 have been helped.

Do please help to save the children. Send a Christmas gift now.

Your contribution will be gratefully received by Sir G. W. Truscott, Bt., Hon. Treasurer

NATIONAL SOCIETY for the PROTECTION & CARE of CHILDREN
N.S.P.C.C.
Victory House, Leicester Square, London, W.C.2

"In the Plain of Armageddon it is difficult to obtain Tobacco at all.."

From a Barneys Smoker in Palestine

"Stationed as I am in the Plain of Armageddon, it is very difficult "to obtain any Tobacco at all. One day, however, I was fortunate "enough to see in a small Arab shop some ¼ lb. tins of Barneys "Tobacco.

"Although I have tried many brands, I have not come across one "with the same even smoking and flavour of your Tobacco, and I "shall hope to write you in 20 years' time and endorse these "remarks. I need hardly add that, due to the 'EverFresh' "vacuum packing, the Tobacco was in a state of freshness that "can only be described as amazing."

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If you are seeking a Tobacco of outstanding goodness, make a trial of "EverFresh" Barneys. Cool, sweet-smoking, even-burning, never failing in its friendly, *satisfying* charm, Barneys will probably set you up in pipe-joy until the end of your smoking days.

..but he gets
Barneys
Factory-fresh

Barneys (*medium*). Punchbowle (*full*), Parsons Pleasure (*mild*) In "EVERFRESH" Tins, 1/9½d. oz. READY-FILLS: Cartons of 12, 1/9½d

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Maximum production for freedom's cause calls for a high standard of health, so it's incumbent on everyone to take precautions against infection this winter. The simplest measures are the real ones. The simple precaution of gargling with 'ASPRO' when exposed to infection will protect you against sore throats, colds, 'flu, etc. If you already have a sore throat the pain will be instantly soothed. Furthermore, thousands of tiny 'ASPRO' particles cling to the lining of the throat exerting a lasting antiseptic and healing effect and inhibiting infection. It helps if you sip a little of the mixture. SO—IF INFECTIOUS COMPLAINTS ARE ABOUT

GARGLE with 'ASPRO'

If you are already affected two 'ASPRO' tablets, taken at the slightest sign of feverishness, will quickly put you right. Your temperature will be restored to normal and the achey, shivery sensations will vanish. Two more 'ASPRO' tablets with a hot drink on retiring will help you to sleep and you will awake fit and refreshed. The reason why 'ASPRO' is so successful in dealing with 'flu, colds and epidemic complaints, is on account of its fever-reducing properties and its wonderful power, after ingestion in the system, as an internal antiseptic and germicide. 'ASPRO' dispels the feverishness, destroys germs and promotes a mild perspiration which removes the poisons through the pores of the skin.

COLD AND SORE THROAT BANISHED.
'ASPRO' AS A GARGLE

7, Hornby Terrace,
Dear Sirs, Morecambe.

Thanks very much to 'ASPROS' I am not in bed with a bad sore throat as I was last Saturday, but I am better and going out to a show. I had a bad cold and bad throat. I could not swallow and also was off my work for 5 days. I gargled a few times a day with 2 tablets and then I took 'ASPROS' with a hot drink at night and also I was up during the night and took more. I felt different again by morning and was soon myself again. I have some just now in my bag and don't intend being without at any price. I say "Good old 'ASPRO'" and shall recommend them to anyone always.

I remain, MISS JARVIS.

STOPS SORE THROAT OVERNIGHT

Dear Sirs, Southgate, London, N.14.

I thought I would like you to know how your wonderful 'ASPROS' have helped me. The other week I had a sore throat and headache and felt terrible. I took two 'ASPRO' tablets with a hot lemon and also gargled with two and the next morning I felt as fit as a fiddle. I have tried other brands but none of them come up to 'ASPROS.' Yours gratefully, MRS. G. M.

'ASPRO' consists of the purest Acetylsalicylic Acid. No proprietary right is claimed in the method of manufacture or the formula.

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CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS
Rates and all information on page 607

The Family Physician

MY WAY OF DEALING WITH A COLD, 'FLU OR CHILL

Experience of successive epidemics give me and many other doctors the right to speak plainly of a simple, quick and safe treatment for 'flu and bad colds.

Next time you feel an attack coming on (possibly you have the symptoms now and that is why you are reading this) remember to take two tablets of Phensic. Go to bed on top of the Phensic and a hot drink.

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My patients who take Phensic know nothing of the evil after-effects of 'flu—they feel better almost immediately. The tonic action of Phensic is quite remarkable among pain-killers.

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Amid the shouts of wartime appeals the relatively small voices of old-established charities may not be heard this Christmas.

Special attention is therefore directed to our advertisement columns during the next few weeks, in which a number of such appeals are issued.

NEW STATESMAN AND NATION

ALL ADVERTISEMENTS are accepted subject to the management's approval and right to amend or to refuse any advertisement whether paid for or not.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

UNIVERSITY EXTENSION COURSES
(University of London)

THE INSTITUTE FOR THE SCIENTIFIC TREATMENT OF DELINQUENCY
has pleasure in announcing
that 24 Lectures on
"SOCIAL PHILOSOPHY"
by K. B. SMELLIE, Esq., B.A.
(Reader in Political Science in the University of London)
will commence at their new premises
17 MANCHESTER STREET, LONDON, W.1, on Sunday, January 5th, 1941, at 11 a.m.
PART I.—INTRODUCTION: Concerning the nature and scope of Philosophy, and its relation to Psychology, History and Sociology.
PART II.—HISTORICAL: Main philosophical theories and their relation to social theory and practice.
PART III.—APPLICATIONS: Freedom and Equality; Justice and Law; Punishment, etc.
PART IV.—NATURE OF THE STATE: Growth of the State; Democracy; Communism; Fascism; the future of the State, etc.
FEE for the Course, £2; single lectures, 2s. Early applications are requested to the General Secretary, I.S.T.D., 17 Manchester Street, London, W.1. (Tel.: Welbeck 6037.)

SOVIET WRITERS OF TO-DAY. Lecture by Miss R Kitainik. Chair: Randall Swingler. Sat., Dec. 14th, 2.15 p.m. British Drama League, 9 Fitzroy Square, W.1. Non-members, 6d.

SOUTH PLACE ETHICAL SOCIETY, Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, Holborn. Sunday, December 8th, at 11 a.m., C. E. M. JOAD, M.A., D.Lit.: "CIVILISATION: WHAT IT MEANS." Admission free.

ETHICAL CHURCH, Queensway, Bayswater, W.2. Morning Service only. December 8th, at 11.30. A. MACLAREN: "THE PEOPLE'S CONVENTION."

PEOPLE'S CONVENTION. Great London Rally, Holborn Hall, Sunday, December 15th, 2 p.m. (Doors open 1.30.) D. N. Pritt, Beatrix Lehmann, Harry Pollitt, G. F. Dutch, Rev. Stanley Evans and others. Admission 6d.

SCHOOLS AND EDUCATIONAL

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Further particulars of the appointment, educational qualifications required, and forms of application, which are to be returned not later than noon on Wednesday, the 18th December next, will be supplied by the undersigned on receipt of a stamped addressed envelope.

Candidates canvassing Members of the Council or Public Libraries Committee, directly or indirectly, will be disqualified.

Public Offices, Enfield, Mdx. 28th November, 1940.
S. J. DABBS, *Clerk of the Council.*

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